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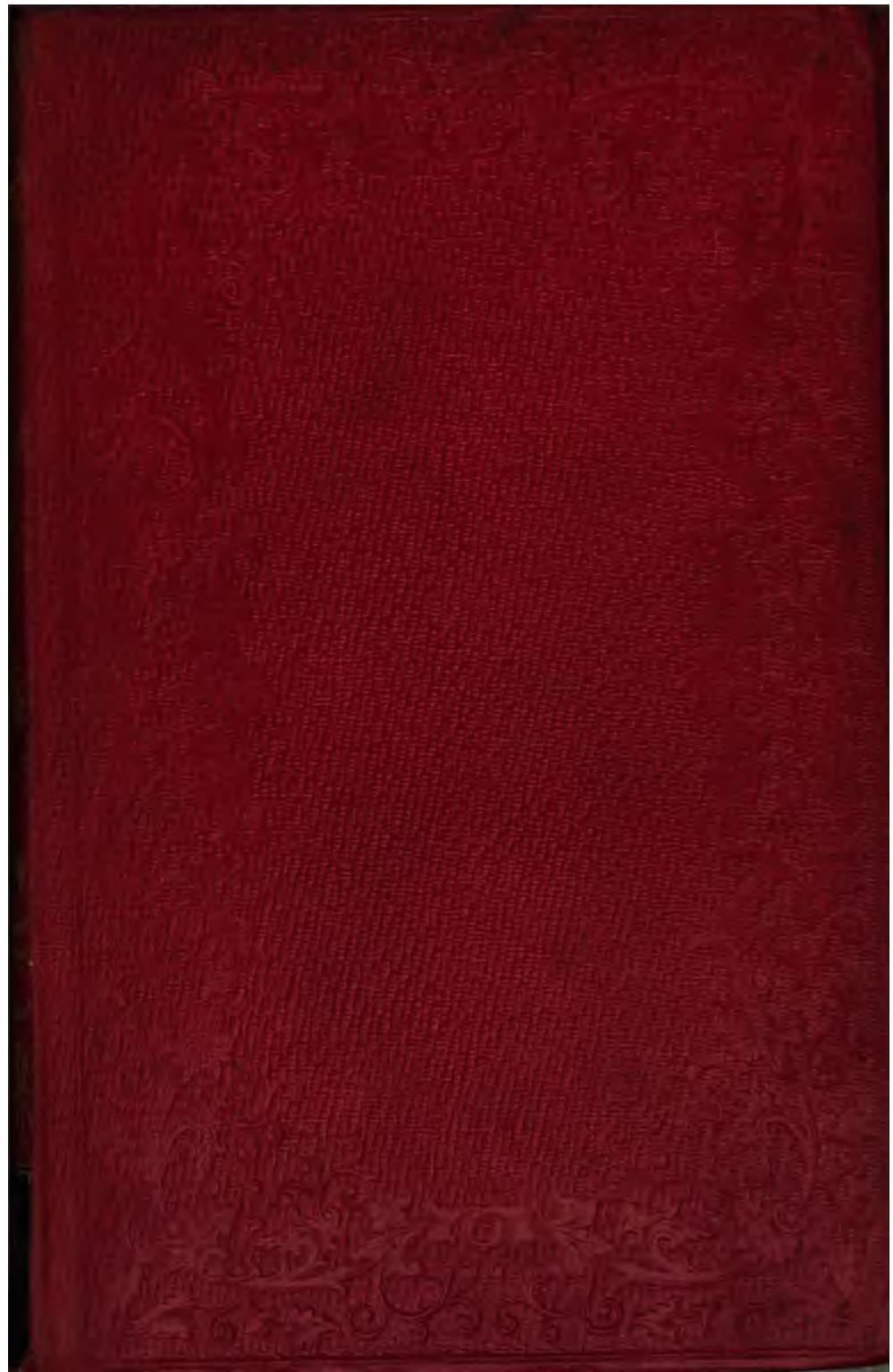
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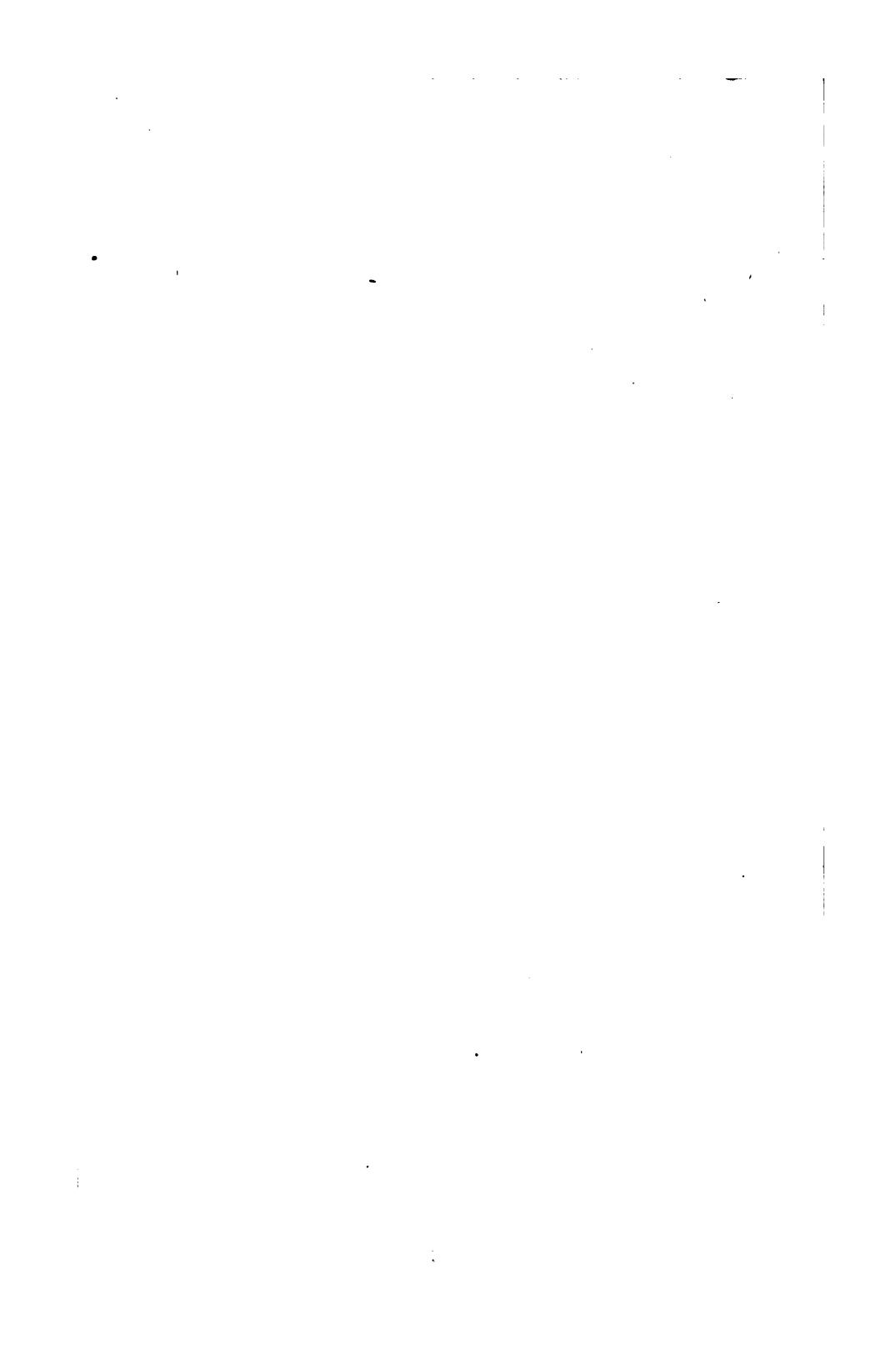
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LONDON:

PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

BY

JOHN ASHFORD,

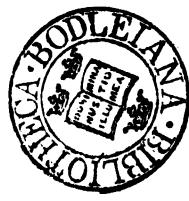
AUTHOR OF "THE LADY AND THE ROUND," "ITALY'S HOPE," ETC.

L O N D O N :

J. F. HOPE, 16, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

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CONTENTS.

	Page
Introduction	1
The Ferry at London Bridge	5
The Tower	6
The Thames of Old Greenwich Hospital	10
The Docks	12
From London Bridge	13
The Custom House	13
Billingsgate	14
Rag Fair	15
The Synagogue	16
A City Counting-house	17
The East India House	17
The Mansion House	18
View from the Monument	19
Guy's Hospital	19
The School for the Blind	21
Leadenhall Market	22
The Bank	23
The Stock Exchange	24
The Royal Exchange	25
Cheapside at Four o'Clock	26
Evening in the City	27
Guildhall	27
London from St. Paul's	28
The Post Office	30
Newgate Market	32
Smithfield	32
Newgate	34
Doctors' Commons	34
The <i>Times</i> Office	36
Johnson's Court	37
Green Arbour Court	38
The Record Office	44
Drury Lane Theatre	45
The British Museum—Reading-Room	45
The British Museum	46
The Railway Station	48
A London Saturday-Night	51
Seven Dials	54
Bohemia	55
The Police Court	57

	Page
The Police Van	57
The House of Refuge	59
The Washing Baths	59
The Ragged School	60
Chatterton's Lodging, Brooke Street	65
Charing Cross	78
Spring in London	79
The Blind Beggar	82
The Alms-Giver	83
The Shoe-Black	83
The Crossing Sweeper	84
The Policeman	84
Punch and Judy	85
London Cries	85
The Water-Cart	86
Summer	88
The National Gallery	88
The Royal Academy	90
The Vernon Gallery	92
The Thames Tunnel	95
The Corn Exchange	96
The Coal Exchange	96
Dulwich College	97
Lambeth Palace	98
Holland House	101
The Flower Show	102
Palm House, Kew Gardens	103
The Band, St. James's	104
The Drawing-Room	104
St. James's Palace	105
The Lion of the Season	107
Hyde Park, Rotten Row, &c.	107
Sunday in Hyde Park	108
Sunset from Regent Street	108
The Cemetery	109
London Illuminated	110
The Club	110
The Opera	111
He of the Coffee Stall	116
Waterloo Bridge	116
Sunrise	120
Covent Garden Market	120
Buckingham Palace	121
The Horse Guards	121
Downing Street—the Treasury	122
A Government Office	122
Whitehall	123
The Houses of Parliament	131
Westminster Hall	141
Queen's Bench	142
Westminster Abbey	142
The Statesmen's Transept	148
The Poets' Corner	157
Chelsea Hospital	162
Crystal Palace	166
London from Norwood	168

LONDON : PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

LONDON ! Emporium of our Globe ! where dome
And spire o'ercrown a builded world. Oh ! vast,
O marv'lous city ! not the present, past,
To thee one rival yields ; not in great Rome,
Nor Nineveh, nor Babylon, which loom
On Time's horizon dim ; nor where the wave
Wash'd opulent Tyre, and now moans o'er her
grave,
By thee all shrink, so wonderful thy doom.
The world in little thou ; come seeking thee
All nations. Thee, earth's universal mart,
Where with each people for an artery
Thou sittest, Commerce' overthrobbing heart.
All through thee flow, thou harbour of the
world,
Nor breathes a clime but stirs thy flag unfurl'd.

How chang'd this scene since when thy ships,
O Rome !

Where curious gazers rode, with trembling oars
Dared(hugging cautious)these life-teeming shores
As wild, more wild, the realm unknown did loom ;
Whilst drear, of desolation-seeming bomb
O'er the uncharter'd, lonely, wond'ring Thame,
The howl of hungry Lupa frequent came,
Piercing the hollow of Cimmerian gloom.

As up the Yarra-Yarra, Hudson wide,
Prime colonists from England. Vent'rous band !
Steer'd marv'ling, slow explor'd their way
through tide

That solemn lav'd, untrodden, silent strand ;
So, when in swaddling clothes Britannia lay,
Those ancient Mariners darkly prob'd their way.

Strange course pursued, ('twas Providence that led)
To regions savage, desolate, unknown,
Realms some deem'd Pluto's, regions silent, lone,
Save when howl'd wolf, or, roused from reedy bed,
The savage started up, rear'd wond'ring head ;
Star'd from his cool retreat at noon, then rose
Gaunt, painted, grim, and splashing mid rank
In naked swiftness, fierce, to forest fled,— [ooze,
Fled, glancing back, though oft halloo'd to stay,
Bid pilot unexplor'd, wild, vanward way ;
Fled to hut-capital t' advise, alarm'd
His savage tribe of strange men clad, them arm'd
With spear, hide-shield, scyth'd chariot—wild array !
To head, on slimy shore, for yelling fray.

What outlines rude, unfinish'd portraits those,
Our ancestors—on life's rude canvas rose !

Of man, rough sketches they, by Nature done :
True artist, deigns she such low title own,
She, who abhors all rules yet has alone [share.
Harmonious blendings schools in vain would
Man's semblance they, that lack'd art's hues,
skill's care,
Civilization's slowly mellowing tone.
The sensuous savage features, bold rude lines
Of bare humanity, bone, muscle, thew
Of our poor nature, proving joys but few,
Much misery it owns where nought refines,—
Arose before those Romans, thrill'd with awe,
Where wild locks wav'd, where wild dance shook
the shore.

Who'll tell of that more dim, more distant day,
When rude canoe first cleav'd the briny way,
Landed on Albion's mist-hung pallid coasts,
The sires of yonder nude, loud yelling hosts ?
Tell of that ancient hour when gazing o'er
Main, never plough'd from Gallia's facing shore,
The Gaul viewed first our cliff-bound isle, or when
In hollow'd trees he dar'd th' inviting main ?
Say, who through time's oft-lost, untrodden track
May trace their history dim, may trace them back
To when within civilization's bourne
(That bright republic) they did dwell, or learn—
Since civilized of yore, by what degrees
They sunk to yon tumultuous savages ?

The rudest, oft most worthless, of a state,
 Transported or transporting leave their home,
 Heroes of glad adventure such will roam
 Where impulse leads, court proud, uncertain fate ;
 But whether worthy they, or reprobate,
 Such scorn those soft, refining qualities
 Men fur themselves withal, who dwell at ease,
 In native land, on Providence to wait ;
 And scorning soon forgot. Their sons ne'er
 know,
 Aught that refines ; of these the rudest go,
 Go on by venture led,—still ruder than
 Their sires their sons go forth, and thus the bed
 Of social flowers at length are wither'd, dead,
 Then lo ! the savage, lo ! uncultur'd man.

New Zealand once, of once imperial Rome
 Her penal colony, who vilely rose [become
 From robbers' haunt. Great Albion ! thou'rt
 Mightier than she who sway'd. Thy arms in-
 As in a girdle, earth ; thy sceptre bows [close
 O'er all the hemispheres ; what Philip's son
 Sigh'd for, thou art ; ne'er Phoebus sinking down
 Darkens thy empire wide that night ne'er knows.
 Ice-mountain'd arctic regions own thy sway,
 And austral realms where slopes antarctic pole ;
 Thee, orient Ind, Hesperian lands obey :
 And ruler, thou, wherever oceans roll,
 Thy throne's footstool they lave; thou, the world's
 soul
 Art everywhere, O helmsman of the day !

And chang'd this region since what time did camp
Rome's legions round old mire-reared Lud, on swamp
That reek'd beside the then ignoble Thame,
Haunt of the wild man; swamp they clear'd, did claim,
When blazed along the shore the sacred flame,
The hecatombs to Mars for victory;
Till fair Augusta rose, and clomb the sky
Temple, that swell'd the huntress-goddess' fame.
No clouds of incense from her shrine now rise,
From commerce' altars' fumes the scene o'ercloak,
Scarce ray of Sol may struggle where through
smoke
Ships, buildings, river, bridges meet the eyes;
Here hugest offering paid 'neath commerce' yoke,
With sordid wreaths bedim the ambient skies.

THE FERRY AT LONDON BRIDGE.

'Twas here Mary Overy,
In Saint Saviour's of fame,
Of yore own'd the ferry
Ere bridge cross'd the Thame.
And buxom liv'd merry
With pilgrims that came,
Oft quaffing sack, perry,—
Hist, marry, fair dame.
What ho! there. Hark! hark!
Yon group would come over
The shipless broad water
To pass the fair day,
In picnic so gay,
At rural Southwark.

They're on the stream,
 Where sunbeams gleam,
 On doublet shining
 And on plumes,
 Where dames reclining
 Waft perfumes.
 All near the land,
 Forth steps each knight,
 And proffers hand
 To lady bright :
 Then follow pages
 Of sweet ages,
 Bearing lutes,
 Bearing flutes.

THE TOWER.

As round the wealthy, the refined, the strong,
 Our artisans for life's allotments crowd,
 So dwellings cluster'd in a helpless throng,
 Where rose the guardian-castle, patron proud !
 This fortress stood, the centre stern, whence flow'd
 Those waves of buildings, loud with living roar,
 Which now on-rolling sweep suburban shore ;
 Invade whole realms that late with verdure
 glow'd.
 Hence soft they purl'd when Dian's temple stood,
 Near Lud's gate, distant height ! Whendwellings
 Dotted dividing vale of marsh and wood ; [few
 Piles rear'd of earth, save where arose to view
 The solemn fane uprais'd by conq'rors new,
 Which aw'd their wond'ring subjects beauty-woo'd :

Still swept those mural waves of swelling flow ;
Never retir'd, till roll'd o'er Ludgate hill
They hid green Holborn's feet, whose silvan brow
O'erlook'd the city laced with many a rill,
O'erlook'd where Thame roll'd clear, broad,
shipless, still.

Holborn ! where dancing Chancellor Hatton rais'd
Sweet strawberries which great Eliza prais'd ;
And Ely knelt by window oriel.

Those waves how gently rose ! How slow did glide
E'en habitation's stream in olden days !
Whose billows now in one year regions hide,
As world brick-rear'd on verdant scene we raise ;
When bulk of pyramid o'erspreads the ways :
Say, when shall halt, or ebb, the builded tide ?

Appalling Bastile ! Not where glides the Seine ;
Or Bosphor blue old Stamboul's mosques doth lave ;
Nor where Saint Mark o'erfrowns the Adrian wave,
Not dungeons of Chillon by Leman seen ;
Or Naples' vaults so red with blood have been
As where, O Thame, thou lav'st yon fortress grave,
Tomb of the virtuous, fair, the wise, the brave,—
Bard, scholar, statesman, warrior, monarch, queen.

From chapels, towers, dark stairs, cells'neath the shore,
Grand shades arise, their brows o'erhung with gloom,
State martyrs ! rais'd by suff'ring wrongful doom !

They, muffled, silent point to pools of gore,
So num'rous, known, unknown, in clouds there soar,
That screen'd through shades the pile doth dimly loom,

France's John, Bruce, Wallace, Cobham, Chaucer soar,
 Mild Henry, Clarence, Hastings, York's child-heir,
 Buckingham, Boleyn, Jane Grey, Surry, More,
 Arabel Stuart, Russell, Sydney rare,
 Great Raleigh, Strafford, Monmouth, all are there
 'Mid countless shades, whose mortal moments wore
 Away in weariness, or pass'd in gore ; [wear.
 Whose sorrows scrib'd, damp walls, dark, name-hid
 The loftiest altar rais'd by cruelty
 Was yon Tower Hill ; our nature's noblest glow'd
 There, as was fed that stream of blood which flow'd
 Through our, though splendid, savage history ;
 Stream that reflects our annals in red dye,
 Sheds o'er their chequer'd course the hue of blood.

Our towers the cliffs are now, our lines the sea,
 Our outposts mighty fleets, and well they keep
 All foemen far where trooping, proud and free,
 They bear the war to azure field—the deep,
 Whilst yon dark pile but as a toy we keep,
 Prize as old relic which amused the play
 Of our now mighty nation's infancy ;
 Whose stones with gore those dawning hours did
 steep.
 Right wayward pass'd thy childhood, England old,
 Bloodstain'd its moods whereon these walls gazed
 down,
 But scorneth nursery broils thy manhood bold ;
 Should e'er thy future years such bauble own,
 Thine age—thy second childhood—then will be,—
 Gone power, wisdom, glory, liberty.

Of riotous infancy is every state
Whose aspirations are the free, the great ;
Their civil discords e'en resemble those
Thorns of the flesh in childhood man offthrows,
Or passions such in headlong youth he knows ;
Soul-tetters they, which oft fine spirits prove,
Proclaim an inner current fain to move,
For State wild oats like individual sows.
And when young anarchy has pass'd away,
The early troubled waters calm'd all down,
Then soar above the bubbles knew the fray,
Like coral isles, all slowly, deeply grown,
Firm institutions, laws, governments, creeds,
And, lo ! a steady greatness grand succeeds.

But empires, states, when not themselves they
make,
But swaddled seem to rise from infancy,
Dull, slumb'rous, slavish, cold, how rare awake !
Oft wear their nursery garb throughout their
day.
Small lore such nations learn save to obey,
Do they arise is wielded sudden blow,
Brutal, unwise, which leaves them sunk more low,
More than of late the slave of tyranny.
No free-fed thoughts their manhood's prime adorn,
But rare they scions plant beyond the waves,
And if such were, perchance, as well not born,
With virus fed, that poisons home, enslaves ;
Such states, like kernels planted not, waste, spoil,
For true growth freedom's still the only soil.

THE THAMES OF OLD.

London awaits the Pontiff's nuncio ;

Or, from imperial court, ambassador :

For princess fair, a prince, proud, royal, poor,
Or for the King a lovely Queen ; and, lo !

The waves of crystal Thame like Cydnus flow,

Where she, as Cleopatra, lay of yore,

Reclines on gorgeous barge, that beameth o'er
The waves, which, like still lightnings, glitter, glow.

Full many gorgeous barks those waters bear,
They boss the shieldlike stream of sunny light,
Where gay they glide, like dolphins finn'd, how bright !

Whilst shores palladian, lin'd with throngs, far, near,
In doublet, hose, yield shouts in lusty flight,
Rolling afar to sedgy Westminster.

GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

When rose superb this pile the age did know
Palladial art, but lost that grand art now :

Here climb we steps, receding flights, where rows
Of pillars stretch—arcades—whilst porticoes,
Like wings of sculptur'd plumes, above us close ;
Then deem we wander 'mid imperial Rome's,
But never grac'd her sumptuous ways such domes
For veterans worn when she all marble rose.

Britannia ! honour swells thy glorious name,
That thou thus shield'st thy sons, unconquer'd
By time ; as rolls along the royal Thame [save
It, passing thee, curls proud, ship-laden wave ;
The scene to ocean bears, there nerves thy brave,
When round the sea-fight belches bullet, flame.

The pile seems an armada rear'd of stones,
Such throngs of veterans pace as pacing decks ;
They all look worn-out admirals, whose bones—
Their spars—are shiver'd, and their hulls are
wrecks ;
They dotted once the ocean, fatal specks !
And heard those spirit-stirring words a few,
“England expects that every man will do
His duty,” and their echo glory wakes.
They did that duty nobly ; p'rhaps some here
Have eyes so hawk-like, hearts so strange to
fear,
That they had won great battles, if their stars
Forbade not to command,—had rivals been
To Blake, Howe, Collingwood, Hawke, Nelson e'en,
Heroes of Navarins and Trafalgars.

They fought when raged the most sublime of fights,
The ocean battle. Smoke eclipsed heaven's lights,
Black canopy o'er hot vermillion air,
Lin'd lurid ! as like Etnas big ships flare,
Belch fire that falls on red waves, hissing there.
Hark ! Like shrill pipes mid thunder-bomb of guns,
Come shouts and groans of dying, drowning ones,
Prone on the flood, that glows in furnace-glare.
Some pray, curse, help cry, all their lives would save,
Snatch, cling to arms, legs, spars, aught on the wave ;
Are now shook off—for lo ! the fleet blows up—
Sink, animalculæ in Ocean's cup
He quaffs, where as with warfare drunk he reels,
Staggers on shore, that 'wilder'd, tremor feels.

The human storm doth cease, and all is still
 Smoke vanishes, lo ! sun, lo ! azure sky.
 They mid the war hung fair o'er vale, o'er hill.
 Again how calm doth gentle Ocean lie !
 It seems to stare around with wond'ring eye,
 As though disturb'd from hush'd majestic sleep,
 (Like one, who stirr'd, mosquito off doth sweep,)
 Then slumbers grand again benignantly.
 'Twas roused by man, more cruel, fatal far,
 Than the embattled waves in tempest's war.
 So he has slain his brother ! Well, what ill ?
 Know full-grown children's sport is men to kill.
 It bruits high soul ; that churl who scorns to slay
 Is not of worth to live, thus heroes say.

THE DOCKS.

Behold ! the fleets of peace in art-delv'd seas,
 Wafted from every land where peopled earth ;
 Civilization's fostering embassies'
 Credentials swell their holds of priceless worth :
 Sailing ambassadors, not kings sent forth,
 They represent all commonwealths ; display
 What each achieves in wealth, taste, industry ;
 And thus reveal their powers of righteous growth.
 Beneficent their challenge, for the war
 Of commerce still creates, doth ne'er destroy.
 Its weapons, tactics, own progression's law.
 Alas ! that human kind e'er knew a joy
 In other strife,—destruction's art did love ;
 Warm'd in its heart the snake and starv'd the dove.

FROM LONDON BRIDGE.

They're busy on each vessel, shore, yet seems
To fill the noble scene a deep repose.
Takes it siesta, where the summer glows
Of July's sun shed round rich slumb'rous beams ?
It looks the harbour of a land of dreams ;
A gala-day of solitude, where rows
Of pennons idly hang or wave, as goes
The warm-plum'd zephyr round where noon-day gleams.
I muse on Turner's Carthage as I gaze,
But miss the Dido. What a grand canal !
Sunlit, and lin'd with sailing palaces !
They're moor'd each side, and, mid the liquid mall,
They come, they go, they sail around the Ball,
Yet ne'er seems chang'd this scene of argosies.

THE CUSTOM-HOUSE.

On Thames' calm breast the midnight moon shines deep,
Lights masts that ghostly seem to muse, to sleep.
They stand like skeletons of forests round,
Or shades o'er buried London. How profound
The reigning hush ! List ! list ! There comes no sound.
Oh, when Aurora wakes yon world-wide hive,
How then these sleeping shores shall roar ! Alive
With sons of every land there crowded found.
All come to lay their wealth at Britain's feet :
Britannia ! thou art wonderfully great !
Thou plant'st progression's flag on every sphere.
Where shalt thou halt ? the globe's great pioneer !
For still the cry is "on ;" shall not the goal
Be seen till thou absorb'st or sway'st the whole ?

BILLINGSGATE.

Ere paces morn her chambers pale i' the east,
A fleet of smacks which plough'd last eve the sea,
Here fraught with ocean's spoils close huddled see!
Lo ! whilst voluptuous life in regions west,
On gorgeous couch sunlit takes fever'd rest,
In busy eastern town life's morning breaks,
As orient skies are lac'd with earliest streaks,
For Billingsgate is loud with chaff'ring guest.
Behold ! the great Fish-temple of the town :
Its priests and vestals are not silent nor
Ascetic, where, libations swallowing down,
The ocean's oracles they lusty roar ;
If fav'rable, full urns their heads do crown,
As loud they proffer ware with whalelike jaw.

Life preys on death as death on life doth prey.
Yon finny wanderers of thy world, O sea !
Last eve when set the sun, 'neath gorgeous ray
Glid through their wat'ry realms as wild with glee,
Though on the wave perchance rose drearily
The cry of hapless wretch, where ship downhurl'd
Pierced the green welkin of their gelid world,
With keel that cleav'd the waters boomingly.
And down it wedg'd, and down, down, down, and down ;
Whilst gazing up their em'rald atmosphere,
Sea monsters mark'd it come, huge, darksome, lone,
Snuff'd at by following fish, till, looming near,
It shelving lay, then hail'd with slimy cheer
Tribes that to-day Londinia's maw will own.

RAG FAIR.

Take care your purse ! The scene with stranger guest,

Is like Hymettus' bees when stirr'd their nest.

Behold ! The world's discarded wardrobe here,

Yon rag-piles ! Much to Erin's isle repair ;

Milesian loves his betters' garb to wear.

Had those worn garments tongues, did choose to tell Their histories, what tales of beau, of belle

They could recount; what scenes of vanity-fair !

Who vend are like them, mystic, scatter'd race,

Of splendid manhood, marv'lous chequer'd youth,
O Hebrew ! stateless, worn, strewn o'er earth's

Thou soil'd, cast-off habiliment of truth ! [face

Albeit despis'd, embroideries thee adorn,

Like twilight that awaits yet other dawn.

The humblest mortal where roams musing eye,

He, mark of race, or grade, or truth, to view

Hid gem reveals where sparkles poetry,

None more sublime, astounding, than the Jew.

He wakens scenes where faith of Europe grew ;

Age, manhood's, youth's prime lore, each holiest tie.

High themes ! Whose apex grand was Calvary,

When Zion, hapless dark, the Shiloh slew.

The Jew despise not, drive not from your land,

A living sermon for the truth is he ;

Is haply scatter'd by Heaven's ruling hand,

A silent preacher over earth to be ;

And who have succour'd, when his hour shall come,

Perchance, therefore, will meet a nobler doom.

THE SYNAGOGUE.

An ancient people here, though 'neath His ban,
 In antique form the true God worship still—
 Their father's God : I envy not the man
 Who hither comes, nor feels emotion's thrill.
 Feelings of wonder, awe, my spirit fill,
 Whilst viewing Israel—children of the Lord—
 Whose homes are not, yet everywhere ; whom sword,
 Plague, pestilence, may scatter but not kill.
 The Orient grace with Hesper mingles here ;
 The keen, with languid, warm voluptuousness ;
 The olive cheek, eye flashing, raven hair,
 The rich attire, the veil's dim gorgeousness,
 All waken dreams of hallow'd Palestine,
 As trembling fancy wings through scenes divine.

Sion, three thousand years ago, beside
 Great Babylon sat fetter'd, silent wept ; [dipp'd
 Hung mute her harps where willow trees low
 Their pendent boughs in calm Euphrates' tide.
 Oh ! where are they who came with conq'rors' pride,
 And bade the hands then clasp'd be o'er them
 swept ;
 Then when the captive answered not, but wept,
 Laugh'd her to scorn, did Judah's God deride ?
 They're gone; their place reveal'd in mounds—no more:
 Yet Zion's daughter hand o'er harp doth fling,
 Awakes by Thame and many a modern shore,
 The rosy shepherd-boy's undying string. [outpour
 Nay, lands where sojourns she, when hearts
 Their praise to God, His marv'lous psalms now sing.

A CITY COUNTING-HOUSE.

Behold a temple to the god of trade ! [shrive,
 Those solemn clerks, the priests that write, not
 Before his altars bend from ten till five,
 Scribes of gold off'rings by thepublic paid ;
 Those stools their tripods are mahogany made,
 And, as at Delphi, from Apollo's shrine,
 Dealt Grecian augurs, oracles divine,
 So by these account-myst'ries are display'd. [pore,
 Yon huge green tomes where, weirdlike rapt, they
 Have folios sibylline whence learn'd they'll bear
 Invoices. 'Yond that green-baiz'd awful door
 The high priest sits, grave, dumb, a Nestor there ;
 Trade's here the idol, worshipp'd abjectly,
 As the Great Spirit where bows Cherokee.

THE EAST INDIA HOUSE.

From this dark pile, lo ! swarthy millions hear,
 An Orient ruler thron'd in regions west ;
 Vast Ind, as wingeth forth his high behest,
 Bows to the distant voice with sacred fear,
 As to omniscient one afar yet near.
 An earthly Bramah, potent, truthful, wise,
 Whose arms all fold from Hesper paradise,
 Who worship claims enshrin'd in distant sphere
 Doth like great Vishnu reign invisibly,
 Needs but command and all must fated bow.
 Such empire ne'er will yield rebellious day,
 Whilst wisdom, justice, power our rule doth know ;
 But shake those keystones, then, from England, lo !
 Those gorgeous realms shall crumble, melt away.

England o'er Ind with moral sceptre reigns ;
 On her preserving mind, heart potent, leans
 Her sable ward. Oh ! mystic fact, that God
 When down on earth He gaz'd for chastening
 To scourge the East for idol-offer'd blood, [rod,
 Deign'd Britain grasp in omnipotent hand,
 That earth-pleiades, little islet-band,
 Which starr'd, dim-known, a distant, savage flood.
 Who at that hour when we liv'd human beasts,
 And luxury held at Delhi gorgeous feasts ; [fair ?
 Deem'd then we'd rule those realms so vast, so
 Them hold as dower we'd give a daughter, gem
 We deck our arm withal, yet well might spare,
 A splendid blossom blooming on our stem ?

THE MANSION HOUSE.

When rais'd by thoughts on regions splendid, wide,
 Britannia sways, we'd deem the centre—heart—
 Of such an empire sure of nature, art,
 A grand museum stood, that multiplied
 All glories cluster'd there—that glow'd the pride
 Of Europe, earth, the happy peerless isle ;
 Its capital stretch'd, one palladian pile,
 Where scarcely men, but demigods reside.
 Sure none would deem what squalor, misery,
 Hides in that heart of empire, what vice, care ;
 Nor of the royal people there could be
 Such wretches as now face the judge-like mayor :
 Or seeing, marvel not that those who roam
 So far to rule, should rule so ill at home.

VIEW FROM THE MONUMENT.

Behold a Universe ! World threading world !
 Each man being one, whose subjects are his deeds,
 Thoughts, motives, and though all he heeds
Be various and opposing, yet he's whirl'd,
In fated orb, his revolution's furl'd
 In moral system, mark'd, and as the star,
 World of material worlds, which seems most far
In wild eccentric course from order hurl'd,
 When it obeys most true harmonious laws ;
So, howe'er errant, he one sovereignty
Shall own ; the proudest man cannot be free,
 He serves though he confronts the ruling cause,
 Which plants the cotter 'neath the thatch of straws,
And bids the monarch on his throne to be.

GUY'S HOSPITAL.

The setting sun seems holiest ray to shed,
 Where, like a seraph, stands yon hospital.
Thrice hallow'd pile ! Those crimsom glories fall,
O'er long and cleanly wards, where many a bed,
That bears the writhing limb, or sinking head,
 Is ranged in solemn order 'long the wall.
What weary eyes watch twilight now ! At bawl
Of cock they'll watch the dawn, or clos'd be—dead.
Ah ! what a martyrdom is life to some !
 In yon blest pile that owns the sacred sway
 Of sickness, where tends gentle charity, [room
You'd glean what harrowing tales ! In every
Mark what despair ! If faith forebore to come,
 Nor lit the suff'ring flesh with spirit-ray.

If Christianismus (or more truly say)
If bigot zeal our globe with war has sear'd,
Her birth was rosy dawn of charity,
Primeval hospital a Christian rear'd.
Than warrior, she far nobler strife did bear'd,
With weapons brighter than brute force e'er
Secluded paths of life her battle-fields, [wields,
Vanquish'd with good, when wounded, nobly spar'd.
Man's worthiest deeds have flourish'd in the shade;
The world reck's not its greatest ; he who rais'd
This pile did more than Cæsar, though unprais'd.
But if to such true great small glory's paid,
Their monuments rise loftiest, they invade,
Though humble, skies—are there eternal blaz'd.

How beautiful in life with good to glow,
And when with light we bore we've pass'd away,
To leave a silver line, thus others show
The starry guide-posts of a hallow'd way ;
To gild with one more beam the worldly day ;
With work of worth, from heart, or thew, or brain ;
Work, owning which, that world shall long retain
Our name in loving, grateful memory.
Oh ! sure it is a high ennobling thought,
To know we've liv'd not all in vain ; to feel
Such lofty consciousness, not dear 'tis bought,
If from the pleasures of this life we steal
Those hours they claim and lawful, when was
sought,
Enduring monument with virtue's seal.

THE SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND.

Great Nature ! wise as gen'rous, thou. Oh ! we
But lose one noble gift of thine, then, lo !
The treasures yet thou spar'st more living grow.
These sightless ones you'd wellnigh deem can see
E'en with their fingers' points, so readily
They with the cultur'd touch discern, and so
True, delicate, their hearing, 'tis as though
The far-off object could not distant be ;
And fancy works so busy, it can mould,
With mem'ry's aid, the outward, as if roll'd
The eye light-fed ; whilst on each smiling face
Patience and peace their lines so lovely trace,
That, as we gaze on them, we would be blind,
To only live in placid realms of mind.

How much is there we're happier not to see,
Nor may we thjngs of noblest grade behold,
As God—the soul—those wonders manifold,
Veil'd in the spirit-world from mortal eye ;
Nor e'en our world's material scenery :
The streams, the skies, the plains, are but the
mould
Of contraries, false seemings all enfold,
And nought that is, is what it seems to be.
Oh ! when we're only sensual, all are blind,
The surfaces of things most times deceive,
If sever'd from the elements that bind,
All would dissolve, and nought we now perceive
Remain as such : chief facts men know, believe,
Not with the eyes are seen, but with the mind.

As with the scenes of life's deed-crowded play,
 So with the plot ; when what did influence
 The good and ill the man-world did dispense
 When motives, moral elements, away
 Shall melt, it will be known in that great day
 How little met in truthful guise each sense,
 What falsely did shall then dissolve, rise thence
 The unseen true of Faith and Charity.
 Oh ! oil of Charity, that bidd'st go round
 The world-wide wheels so well, so glibly turn.
 Oh ! oil of Charity, whose flame doth burn
 So lovely, lighting earth till hallow'd ground ;
 Warming cold life, and soft'ning much else
 stern,
 Where as in London art thou glowing found ?

LEADENHALL MARKET.

Most wonderful of wonders, that from eggs
 Proceed—from seeming lifeless, cold hard mass—
 These feather'd forms, with bills, and wings, and legs !
 The raising of each empire dead will scarce
 Such wond'rous metamorphosis surpass ;
 Our beds are form'd of eggs, also the quills
 Which dole to worlds the poet's thought that thrills,
 The bard's, whose fate is oft as hard, alas !
 Strange that philosophers could not but choose—
 Bacon could not—to ask a goose's aid ;
 When plumes no longer waft the birds, the Muse
 Upon them soars with deathless songs array'd
 The birds have ceas'd to cackle, ceas'd to sing,
 But authors both will do upon their wing.

More rich than plume of ostrich or emu,
 Than brilliant breast of humming-bird more
 bright, [light,
 That seems, mid cocoa boughs, gay fluttering
 In sunbeam clad, green leaves quick glancing through ;
 Of purer tint than Leda's down e'er knew,
 Spotless on lucid stream where willows dip,
 More delicate than creams that dove's neck tip,
 Is heaven-bepainted wing of genius' hue.
 It earliest rose in august Moses' soul,
 Illum'd, as old blind Homer awful sung,
 All Scio's rocky isle ; where lucid roll
 Thy waves, O Avon ! beam'd the groves among :
 Beam'd : but to trace its rainbow flight were vain,
 Soul-Phoenix, that but dies to soar again !

THE BANK.

Heart of the world ! whose life-blood is of gold,
 Thou sittest in its bosom, manifold
 Those hid auriferous streams that flow from thee;
 Of thine each nation is an artery,
 And by thy beatings their pulsations be
 Recorded. Thou grand Midas ! lofty, lone
 Sceptred, thou swayest earth from golden throne,
 Kings are thy subjects, whom thou hold'st in
 fee.

What throngs swing to and fro yon heavy doors !
 Come from each shire, town, village in the land,
 What busy human tide there ceaseless pours !
 And all for gold to clutch with trembling hand.
 What anxious features ! what tumultuous souls !
 Pass where that tide o'er sands all golden rolls.

How various the purposes, the ends,
 Of that same tide which sweeps away such wealth
 Into the seas of life ! As wisdom tends
 Virtue or vice, 'twill be disease or health,
 Blessing or bane, to the great world. O gold !
 Thou art a very Proteus ! Thoughtless youth
 Thou canst enslave ; thou 'rt loved too by the old ;
 And thou canst purchase holy breath of truth,
 Yet soil the judge's robe ; and thou canst breathe
 Dire discord among friends, and yet enwreathe
 Stern foes with friendship's flowers ; thou art of
 The very sinews, yet canst peace restore ; [war
 The keenest sorrow oft is wrought by thee,
 And yet thy smile can soften misery.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

Not round are Shinar's plains, yet do arise,
 As from divided tongues, pent murmurings ;
 But few build here with thoughts to reach the skies,
 For of earth earthy are their aspirings.
 Babels are here uprais'd of bubbles, things
 All visionary, floating, fickle—shares,
 Consols,—which rise and fall as April airs ;
 Frail towers blown down by e'en light rumour's
 But though not plains of Mesopotamia [wings.
 Is Capel Court, nor yet Assyrians these
 Who fortunes build, yet aims both there and here
 Seem much alike, vain unknown good to seize ;
 For though man owns his epoch, tint, and clime,
 Yet man is man whate'er his land or time.

THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

Behold ! the proud Rialto of the day !

Antonios, Shylocks, these piazzas pace, [ray,
Where bargain-thoughts with cunning, twinkling

Light up all eyes, and pensive mark each face ;

But most where Israelites, coin-loving race,
Walk mystic, are the glances keen, as they
Bend down their gaze to earth, as in the clay,

With alchymistic power they gold would trace ;
But with the Rothschilds, Goldsmids, mingled see

Barings, and throngs of Christians. Come when
O'clock has chim'd from campanile on high, [four

Then shall you note, not hear, the funded war,
Note Crœsus—gold-arm'd Paladins. A few
Could buy old Spain's mine-treasures, buy Peru.

Should London e'er like ruin'd Carthage lie,
Perchance a Marius musing here will sigh :—

“Oh ! name not these dead walls; they are alive

With a past world, with countless busy hive

Association peoples. Here did strive

The money-magnates of a bygone age ;

The creditors of states. Their breath the gage

That could hurl down or strength to empires give.

On this lone spot, where grass and nettles grow,

They toil'd to circumvent, with truth or lies,
That bygone world of commerce, funds ; and lo !

Where bend those lone wild-flowers, bees, but-

Palace of Speculation grand did rise. [terflies,
What strange vicissitudes earth's empires know ! ”

CHEAPSIDE AT FOUR O'CLOCK.

Like mighty spinning-jenny whirs the scene

Where, tangled dense, revolve a world of wheels,
Where crowded steeds strike haunches, heads, strike
As vehicles, with scarce a span between [heels,

Them, thread like woof and warp gigantic, seen
For ever restless, ever waking peals
Of lengthen'd thunder 'long the ground, where

The way as deafened with explosions keen. [reels
What huge compacted mass of motion ! Flow

No streams of life as here in all the world.
The ways of Paris, Naples, crowded, show

Life's waves, yet stagnant : here they're onward
In vehemence, in flood e'er rolling. Lo ! [hurl'd
The heart of traffic, vortex commerce-whirl'd.

From mansion, railway, store, bank, wharf, or dock,
To swell the life-chok'd stream, what rills outpour.

The tide's at full when loud Bow-bells peal four :
All round is then of traffic solid block ;
Too close to move all stays. Anon, unlock

The billows pent, tumultuous rolling roar ;
Whilst on each pavement, like to shingled shore
That moves, rush silent crowds—rush, jar, and shock.
Ascend a step, gaze forward, gaze far back,
See! where earth's mightiest thew doth onward strive
All looks of matter, mind, one straining pack ;
It seems no atom has one hour to live

In that progressive bulk, that human hive—
Commerce Niagara—life-cataract.

EVENING IN THE CITY.

The City's life-sea's storms are spent, the day's
 Unceasing chafings, and their billows loud,
 Leaving still marge to deeps suburban flow'd.
Not when we roam on sandy shore, where bays
In rock seclusion stretch, and twilight's rays
 Repose upon the stilly far-ebb'd flood,
 Not then we feel more calm or pensive mood
Than wake these hush'd, deserted, lifeless ways.
 The tempest pass'd, infus'd with silence, lo !
The houses musing seem on fortunes made
To-day, or wreck'd beneath the life-seas laid.
 The churches which at roaring mid-day do
 Seem mummies of dead populations, you
Scarce note 'mid life, gain spirit as life-scenes fade.

GUILDHALL.

Sacred to Epicurus, Bacchus' streams !
Some hundred mayors, those monarchs of a year,
Enthron'd in thee, Guildhall ! had regal dreams,
 High, earthward gaz'd, dispensing regal cheer ;
 Whilst lady-mayoresses, their Junos dear,
Sat thron'd beside, fair partners of their state :
And aldermen, with each a gorgeous mate,
 Dames, such to paint lov'd Rubens, gloried near.
Sat common-councilmen in gowns of blue,
With city madams gown'd in every hue :
 Where round the groaning board all mute gaz'd up,
Till Jupiter-mayor deign'd nod, then toils began—
Tremendous work!—Knives, forks, plates bomb'd rattan,
 And pass'd around the sparkling loving-cup.

Ducks, turtle, turbots, capons!—What a rout !
Where are the good things gone ? To feed the gout.

Hark ! hark ! The herald's trumpet sounds. And see !
With awful pomp, and rubicund dignity,
In silence the Lord Mayor himself doth rise,
The thunderer would pledge you from his skies, [shake.
The Queen ! Ho ! bumpers ! Cheers ! The tables
Jove seat resumes with round a small earthquake.
Without, apprentice ears catch quick the sounds,
Straight through young rising breasts ambition bounds ;
And hence the commonweal is served, for know
From emulation Britain high doth sail.
Belshazzar's feast seems here, none bow to Baal,
Yet might be writ on walls, "Here gluttons bow."

LONDON FROM SAINT PAUL'S.

On London's dome, her crown, I muse. And lo !
Like giant model of some mountain land,
Far round the sleeping city lies, calm, grand.
It looks a Titan-map in morning's glow :
Now gilt spires twinkle, vermeil roofs, as slow
Sol rises hush'd, till, as by magic wand, [sand,
The huge belt of piles that spread like wrinkl'd
Change glorious, shine like earth-wove Iris-bow.
How beauteous in its huge tranquillity [shore,
Great London lies ! Lies hush'd like pebbled
With here and there a chalky stone, where o'er
The tide roll'd late, but now at ebb doth lie
Calm, still. But hark ! What sounds come ripplingly ?
That living flood returns—to murmur—roar.

As on high Blanc, the mighty Alpine crown,
A traveller stands mid speechless solitude ;
Round him the birdless, lone, aërial flood,
And o'er him dome-like skies of purple tone ;
As he from Europe's apex gazing down,
Seems viewing monstrous city, giant broad,
Throng'd, ere the deluge, which in ebbing mood,
Left ruined palaces of mountain town ;
So, in like solitude, I here behold
The scene beneath, scene more, far more, sublime
Than where the soulless mountains huge unfold
The yawning secrets of their depth. With time
They'll be no more, but when they fly upscroll'd,
What slumbers here must live in deathless clime.

Now, as from crater huge—vast fen—a few
Light vapours float—in silence rise upcurl'd ;
Now more—yet more—They soil heav'n's cloud-
less blue :
Till, as though misty veil were slow unfurl'd,
Is gradual screen'd the late translucent world.
Still rise those earth-clouds, as from mount I view
Them swelling 'neath, as yet of golden hue :
But now around me sable they are whirl'd.
Has waked the giant-city, smoky wreath
That mantled earth, now dims the arching sky,
Till all is wrapt in vapour canopy : [breath,
Unceasing thunders, heard through that thick
Come hoarse, like restless murmurs, seas beneath
Send, where you list on cliff far-tow'ring, high.

Wouldst view the mighty pile in glory's vest ?
 Come when high moon has fled to other lands,
 When sable cloud in orient sky expands,
 And Phœbus wends in fulgence towards the west ;
 That marv'lous dome which in heav'n's blue doth rest,
 Those noble porticoes, those towers sublime,
 Will then, in halo bath'd from splendour's clime,
 Seem golden palace own'd by seraph blest.
 Seem palace lower'd to earth from genial sky,
 Fair-garlanded with flowers in stony maze ;
 Whilst venerable statues lifted high,
 Look holy, hush'd, apostles come to gaze
 On the great city stretch'd below, in quest,
 Amid turmoil, of such as would be blest.

THE POST OFFICE.

Tongue of the nations ! of the world the ear !
 No land is there whose speech to thee none brings,
 No clime is found where thy voice never wings ;
 Earth owns thy accents in each hemisphere,
 And from th' antipodes thou tones dost hear.
 Borne swift by ministers, thy whisperings
 Encircle all the globe with converse-rings
 Round-breathing, herald-like, News' atmosphere.
 But, oh ! thou Mercury immense, what schemes
 Thy secret, silent breast doth frequent hold !
 What solid purpose ! visionary dreams !
 And, could thy world-wide tale be ever told,
 What mysteries would be clear'd that glooms infold,
 Would rise by thee reveal'd—what startling themes !

How oft thy voice makes weeping mourner gay,
And to the gay as oft it bringeth sorrow ;
How many laughs would cease ! what vigils stay !
If we could know the tidings of the morrow,—
Could know what good or ill the hour would follow.
Throngs through thy doors, like currents, come, depart,
Each bears in hand a seal'd up mind or heart,
Which thy capacious mouths, all Sphynx-like,
swallow.
And some have ventur'd a life's cargo there,
As in a vessel bound to unknown shore
By the dim Future's sea ; and some would here
Recall those ventures, but they may no more.
Once trusted, thou halt'st not ; we then must wait
Till thou an echo bring'st—the voice of fate.

Not Cyrus, Alexander, Caesar, when
Long lines of posts on horse, on foot, did dare,
Huge sky-invading mountain, sky-like plain,
Chain of intelligence ! their words to bear
Were serv'd so prompt, with such consummate care,
As serv'd the humblest now by thee ; where thou,
Like Ariel, round the mighty globe dost throw
A girdle, all-embracing as the air.
But speed, as yet, is in its infancy.
When, like the subtle gas, in each man's house,
That silent speaker, electricity
Shall find abode, and friend to friend discourse,
As probes land, sea, their speech, with lightning force,
How slow our steam-mov'd pace shall seem to be !

NEWGATE MARKET.

What constant revolutions nature knows !
An atom leaves one form, to other goes,
 Whilst nought is lost ; decrease increases still,
 For to exhaust one vessel is to fill
 Another ; man, with ruthless hand, may kill,
Destroy he cannot, nor can he remain
One instant what he is, for change will reign
 In face of him. The world is one huge mill.
Learn'd, potent, he, yet Nature's rule he'll know.
 Perchance yon slaughter'd beeves breath'd gas,
Exhal'd in Canada, as herds did low [that trees
 On English hill ; or skull of Ramisees
Lent parts to feed these sheep in Wales' sunshine,
Or nourish'd Cleopatra's asp these swine.

SMITHFIELD.

Behold the Kennington Common of its day,
 Where met the Socialists of bygone age ;
Lo ! young King Richard's plume, where blacksmith's
Aloft waves white as ambles palfrey grey, [rage,
Wat Tyler hero reigns where swells the fray,
 And he redress so haughtily demands,
So rude before his liege, with sword drawn, stands,
That smites him London's Mayor, exclaiming, "Die!"
 Wat, groaning, falls, and as he bites the ground,
His followers raise their clubs, their Prince mob ; then
 He marks the danger, halts, and gazing round,
Cries, "Lost your noble leader ! well, my men,
We'll be your leader now." Straightway they fling
Their caps in air, shout loud, "God save the King !"

Thus sav'd was he to meet yet sterner fate ;
From what huge sorrow, what insulting state,
When haughty Bolingbroke him crown bade yield
For bolder brows to wear, when hearts, not steel'd
From pity, bled ! What butchery reveal'd
In gloomy Pomfret's walls he had been freed,
Had Tyler's faulchion bade his monarch bleed
Beneath the sun in heather-clad Smith's field !
Without, where Newgate rose, a gate, then new,
Rear'd lately artizan in doublet, hose ;
Where crown'd the convent of Bartholomew,
Suburban height, by crystal Fleet ; whence rose
Fair-swelling, verdant Holborn's gentle rise,
With flocks, that cropp'd the blade, 'neath
smokeless skies.

And here warr'd fiercer blacksmiths of the mind,
Lit fiendlike, horrible, infernal fires
To forge, withal, the conscience of mankind,
To twist it as they list, like redhot wires ;
Cruellest those grim bigotry inspires,
Then Satan wears religious garb, disguise
That can deceive the excellent, the wise,
As mask'd at them he laughs, he prince of liars.
Here fell the martyrs, and as flames did dye
The heavens, it seem'd there angels, blushing red
At mortal's cruelty, gaz'd from the sky,
Gazed, horror-thrilled, it seem'd they tears did shed,
When shone the stars, celestial tears, which roll'd
O'er hands that silver lyres did silent hold.

NEWGATE.

Oh ! dark, forbidding edifice of sighs !

Ah, me ! what muffled throngs of gloomy woes,
 Soul-torments, anguish, fear's, remorse's throes
 Have liv'd where, Hades-like, thy cells arise.
 When wailing spirits there invok'd the skies,
 Whilst mother, wife, bade bitter, wild farewell ;
 When fatal toll'd Sepulchre's passing bell,
 As mov'd the culprit, Justice's sacrifice.

Pale walks the hero of that silent band !
 Where measur'd steps sound hollow on the stones ;
 Hark ! reads, "I am the resurrection and
 The life," the minister in solemn tones.

The doom'd meets thousand eyes from scaffold dread :
 One prayer—one fearful agony—he's dead.

DOCTORS' COMMONS.

In dim and narrow confines of this room
 The dead's now silent mandates rang'd repose ;
 Assembled wills of thousands, one of whom,
 When quick, had but his will been done, with woes
 Or joy had fill'd the world. These parchment rows—
 These stilly fiats of departed souls—
 Like wizard's wands—hush'd, ghastly skull-like scrolls,
 In self's close circle rais'd what thoughts. Friends,
 How many hearts surpris'd, new joy reveal'd, [foes !
 Or bled : What family discord rose, with hate
 To be extinguished not, when they unseal'd,
 Ghostlike, with a pass'd voice, the words of fate !
 Fell off what mean disguises worn how late,
 As, round, the parson blanks or prizes deal'd !

Now all are where wills live no more, to worms
Their flesh is left. Oh ! trustees faithful they ;
No wrangling lawyers, worrying, antique forms,
No chancellor's fiat wrests them from decay.
But not their spirits all are pass'd away ;
For man on earth yet lingers in his will,
And its effects are deathless, live shall still
When Cheops' pyramids Time prone will lay.
How anxious, how intensely, yonder eyes
Over those scrolls so silent, changeless, pore,
As into dead men's faces ; so one pries
In the eyes' depths to read the heart, its core.
What stifled passions each face hovers o'er ;
What grief, joy, greed, rage, disappointment, rise !

Slaves of events, we little know if e'er
Our wills shall be ; some devious sentence may,
Some protean word, our fond desires gainsay,
So turn aside the treasures of our care
From those we lov'd, would bless; and make our
heir
The foe we loath'd ; or thoughtless wedding-day
May give to one we knew not all away
In luxury's lap to dwindle, melt to air.
It may be cast in pleasure's shallow flood
By some gay spendthrift we ne'er saw, thus be,
A long life's thrift, the law's, or folly's good ;
Or sink in one lump down wide failure's sea,
Where sharks at every tide on gulls do prey.
Kings crowns bequeath : how rare such wills
have stood !

THE "TIMES" OFFICE.

Here dwells a potentate more mighty far
Than earth's great monarchs, emperor, king, or czar;
 The foremost he where war opinion wages,
 His leaders rank the chiefs where battle rages ;
His conq'ring weapons, albeit airy words,
Do force contending hosts to sheathe their swords,
 When from the press his world-heard thunderings
 Pierce the aw'd hollows of the ears of kings,
And bid them halt ere the tremendous force
Of public sentiment from them divorce
 Every ally, and leave them as a dome
 Without one stay, their power as sand, where foam
Rages in mountain-height. And he can wield
His arms right humbly, private ill to shield.

And none dare scorn the words he utters, lo !
The greatest statesman lists albeit, a foe,
 And cannot choose but honour and admire.
The light he breathes, oft fain his lips would hire,
 Or seal, for burn his words like brands on fire,
And where they flame none may escape, although
They'd writhing hide ; nor aught how far may know,
 His Philippics have crushed with noble ire
The tyrannous design ; how far their breath
Refresh'd the great thought, waning unto death ;
 For very secret oft their deep-felt power ;
 Great necromancer of the public hour !
Is hid, how much thou'st sway'd the world-wide
 scheme,
Than monarch, statesman, hero, more, I deem.

Though freedom's press has oft, too oft, the knack,
When for applause it merely doth aspire,
Of naming black hue white and white hue black,
Yet 'tis a soul right glorious ; like fire
That from volcano rolls, its far-felt ire [round ;
Illumes where darkness' shades would wrap all
And, as the mount's irruption clears the ground,
So clears it social soil of burning mire ;
And thus, as valve of safety serves a state, [pent ;
Whilst where 'tis not hid danger lurks though
Till bursting from what bound, it vehement,
Is like Vesuvius that serene how late,
With scarce a warning murmur madly whirl'd,
With lava burns, with earthquake shakes the
world.

JOHNSON'S COURT.

Here glorious Samuel, Samson of the club,
Roll'd, the grand sun of literati-system.
Did stars oppose him, mercy how he'd twist'em,
He'd strike for his grand thoughts as bear for cub,
Not fell you with a paw, but with a snub. [Burke,
Sleek Boswell, Goldy, Lawrence, Reynolds,
Sat listening, aw'd ; as in divan, grand Turk,
Opinion he dispens'd, did raise or drub.
Yet was he good, and, like Dean Swift to Stella,
Could e'en be fond ; and then his love was great,
Pure, merciful, far huger than his hate ;
He then was like a Windsor pear, large, mellow,
Which keeps in winter ; marv'lous was that fellow,
In him all moods, rough, soft, seem'd congregate.

GREEN ARBOUR COURT.

Here Goldsmith mus'd with want and squalor
 round, [panes ;
 By noise nigh deafen'd sent through broken
 With struggling light. How strange that man
 the reins

To fancy here could give ; with god-like bound
 Soar o'er the present, halt in skies astound ;
 Thence voyaging imagination's plains,
 Travailing with genius' sweet labour-pains,
 Bring offspring in all ages to be found.

Now, whilst immortal thoughts the poet doles,
 A child disturbs his frenzy—opes the door—
 “ Will Mr. Goldsmith lend a pan of coals ? ”
 Then, whilst the kindly bard chirps, “ Child, yes,
 His landlady without for rent doth roar, [sure,”
 And by, dull selfishness, in carriage rolls.

Sure, human nature, thou'rt a riddle, aye,
 Awful enigma, hides this moral world.
 It, like the mazy Python, lies upcurl'd,
 Licking the dust the surface of the day ;
 Its folds, with Gordian knot, you'll ne'er untie ;
 Assay you, hissing where 'twas wreathlike furl'd,
 It gripes with mysteries, till, wonder-whirl'd,
 You find for peace 'tis well to rest away.
 Around, though lit with dawn, dull vapours float,
 We yet are on the ground, nor pass'd the night ;
 Our souls though wond'rous have but narrow flight,
 Castle'd, th' unknown surrounds us like a moat ;
 Through loopholes gazing we grow blind with doubt,
 And, do we plunge, each sinks in gloom a mite.

All seems ill-match'd, disjointed, but could we
Not only one poor petty province see ;
 But, with enlarg'd free vision of the soul,
 Survey all parts of the tremendous whole,
It then, O ! Doubt not aspect would present,
As just as it is sure magnificent ;
 And what in life seems not so, seems unwise,
 Eccentric, orderless, as in the skies,
The mazy dance of stars to vulgar eye,
 Would like those when with telescopic gaze,
We near, spread out a map of harmony
 So perfect, that we aw'd with huge amaze
Should thrill ; behold the nicely-balanc'd scheme,
With wonder such could inharmonious seem.

Then, 'twould be seen that gifted ones, and good,
 Albeit the scorn'd, neglected of mankind,
Bear that within, which, wholly understood,
 Far more than equals all the pamper'd find.
 Delicious cordials of the heart, the mind,
Which from the unseen depths of being spring,
And to the desert, flowers herbage bring :
 Delights, if not luxurious, refined.
Yes, 'twould be seen, who have such, equal
 those
In happiness, where lack'd that wealth of soul,
Who lull'd in fortune's lap, are like the mole ;
 For charms the spirit deals, who slumb'rous
 lose
Material, moral beauty, thus refuse
The highest joys terrestrial state may dole.

Wouldst view the mighty pile in glory's vest ?
 Come when high moon has fled to other lands,
 When sable cloud in orient sky expands,
 And Phœbus wends in fulgence towards the west ;
 That marv'lous dome which in heav'n's blue doth rest,
 Those noble porticoes, those towers sublime,
 Will then, in halo bath'd from splendour's clime,
 Seem golden palace own'd by seraph blest.
 Seem palace lower'd to earth from genial sky,
 Fair-garlanded with flowers in stony maze ;
 Whilst venerable statues lifted high,
 Look holy, hush'd, apostles come to gaze
 On the great city stretch'd below, in quest,
 Amid turmoil, of such as would be blest.

THE POST OFFICE.

Tongue of the nations ! of the world the ear !
 No land is there whose speech to thee none brings,
 No clime is found where thy voice never wings ;
 Earth owns thy accents in each hemisphere,
 And from th' antipodes thou tones dost hear.
 Borne swift by ministers, thy whisperings
 Encircle all the globe with converse-rings
 Round-breathing, herald-like, News' atmosphere.
 But, oh ! thou Mercury immense, what schemes
 Thy secret, silent breast doth frequent hold !
 What solid purpose ! visionary dreams !
 And, could thy world-wide tale be ever told,
 What mysteries would be clear'd that glooms infold,
 Would rise by thee reveal'd—what startling themes !

How oft thy voice makes weeping mourner gay,
And to the gay as oft it bringeth sorrow ;
How many laughs would cease ! what vigils stay !
If we could know the tidings of the morrow,—
Could know what good or ill the hour would follow.
Throngs through thy doors, like currents, come, depart,
Each bears in hand a seal'd up mind or heart,
Which thy capacious mouths, all Sphynx-like,
swallow.
And some have ventur'd a life's cargo there,
As in a vessel bound to unknown shore
By the dim Future's sea ; and some would here
Recall those ventures, but they may no more.
Once trusted, thou halt'st not ; we then must wait
Till thou an echo bring'st—the voice of fate.

Not Cyrus, Alexander, Cæsar, when
Long lines of posts on horse, on foot, did dare,
Huge sky-invading mountain, sky-like plain,
Chain of intelligence ! their words to bear
Were serv'd so prompt, with such consummate care,
As serv'd the humblest now by thee ; where thou,
Like Ariel, round the mighty globe dost throw
A girdle, all-embracing as the air.
But speed, as yet, is in its infancy.
When, like the subtle gas, in each man's house,
That silent speaker, electricity
Shall find abode, and friend to friend discourse,
As probes land, sea, their speech, with lightning force,
How slow our steam-mov'd pace shall seem to be !

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Oh ! Justice, simple is thy spirit, grand ;
 Thou breath'st an atmosphere transparent, pure,
 Why art thou hid, deformed with swaddling band,
 Like a sore limping leg no leech may cure ?
 The rags of Paddy show less various, sure,
 Or Joseph's coat, than thou prank'd harlequin ;
 Such strange disguise those lawyers dress you in,
 Were you not blind, their tricks you'd ill endure.
 Thou'rt like a Turkish lady, weigh'd down by
 Her cumbersome attire, and costly veil ;
 If through small aperture we catch thine eye,
 Where thou, like crab, walk'st sidling, crawl'st
 like snail,
 Whisper thy train, Zingari-wise, " With gold
 You'll cross her hand, ere have your fortunes told."

THE RECORD-OFFICE.

Here records lie bequeath'd the splendid past.
 Hush'd necromancers, they before the eye
 Bring times ; we gaze on them, then, melting fast,
 These dull, dark walls glow rich with tapestry,
 More varied bright than wrought Penelope.
 Great kings, fair queens, wise statesmen, judges, sages,
 Rise from these dusty, musty, fusty pages ;
 Rise, Saxon, Dane, fair rovers o'er the sea,
 Lo ! gallant Norman bands soar lifelike here,
 With York, Plantagenet, Lancaster, fam'd ;
 Lo ! regal Tudors, fickle Stuarts there,
 For beauty mark'd and sorrow though untam'd.
 Fancy ! thou dubb'st our state (sing I unblam'd ?)
 Divine ; through thee we form creations fair.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

Garrick and Siddons, Young, John Kemble, Kean,
Here reign'd high magnates o'er a fairy world,
Whose pomp and circumstance at night are seen,
But fade as spreads Aurora's flag unfurl'd.
Pets of their day, they liv'd fame—fortune lull'd
Whilst haply he, their nightly glory's soul,
Who lent them, glorious puppets, life with dole
His genius gave, he Bard aside was hurl'd ;
As when we frame a painting, lodge in gold,
And, lo ! the artist pinch'd in cold is set ;
But pass'd the players and applause they met,
Their triumphs soon shall none in mem'ry hold ;
Yet live the author's triumphs, quick though old :
The future ever pays the present's debt.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM—READING-ROOM.

Not where Italian skies cerulean glow
O'er lesser empyrean, Angelo
Upear'd as he'd invade the sun, not there
Though Art her noblest offers, shall compare
Priz'd treasures with the gems of mind that here
In tomy caskets crowded, row on row,
Line from the floor to where impends the bow
This spreading dome, majestic and fair.
Behold where pioneers of letters cull,
From genius' garden, flowers of fadeless dyes,
That fallen like fall'n forest leaves bid rise,
In soil enrich'd, things yet more beautiful.
Cœdmon must plant ere bloom in leafage full,
Cultur'd by Milton, flowers in paradise.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Mere names of mundane marvels who'll relate ?
 Who, earth's ? One atom of the universe !
 Not ye, fair science' chiefs. Triumvirate !
 Oh ! Newton, Cuvier ; Oh ! Linnæus.
 Enthron'd God's marvels they did well discuss,
 Dissected systems ; Stars, brutes, plants, and so
 Each o'er a kingdom reigns, but monarchs know
 Few of the multitudes they bless or curse :
 A score picked subjects shining round their court,
 So these a few facts knew which lay ashore,
 By waves of knowledge thrown, they patient sought,
 Whilst wide profound its ocean none explore ;
 But of the verges of their empires, they
 Knew naught, and yet knew much for things of clay.

Heaven help him, the poor infidel ! If nam'd,
 When here we muse, our souls start pain'd or
 As 'mid o'erwhelming certainty we find,[sham'd,
 Around the presence of creative mind,
 Where merest atom which with care we see,
 Doth whisper, as we list, of Deity :
 His art, his love for vast variety.
 Oh ! what a casket this of wond'rous treasures
 There fill'd them once, what life, what countless
 pleasures !
 As earth, sea, air, they roam'd, did swim, did fly.
 What fond designs ! What harmony between !
 Wants, fitness ! here much of our globe is seen
 In little, but with surface-glance : one mite
 Would tax a life its properties to cite.

Could man see all this noble world contains,
And comprehend all optic nerve surveys,
The telescopic empire yet remains,
Where he must soar, nigh blinded with the blaze
Of countless suns, e'en like a moth which rays,
From taper's glance, allure at evening hour :
And too his ken by microscopic power,
Is vanquish'd, wrapt his soul in mute amaze.
Wonders remote from us as worlds in space,
Lie distanc'd by minuteness ; grosser some,
In immortality outlast our race,
Where isles in the Pacific show their tomb ;
Knowledge has paths by human one untrod ;
They are the bright secluded haunts of God.

How wond'rous, vast, the ever-constant change,
The action and reaction never still !
Where wholes remain and parts for ever range,
As grinding whirls the universal mill,
For ever empties, doth for ever fill.
Ah ! what a factory huge this universe !
What wisdom there reveal'd, as hours disperse
The wide-spread warp and woof of good and ill !
And how unseen who rule those energies,
Save in the grand results each trice reveals.
How silent work those engines, with what ease,
Whose tubes are firmaments, and suns their
wheels !
Whirr'd they like ours in orbits spinning round,
What noise would shake, would deafen space
profound !

THE RAILWAY STATION.

One tumult petty life affords is here. [stand clear !"]
 " What noise ! Who runs ? My muse!" " Stand clear,
 " Stand clear ! Assuredly, good man, I may
 Address my muse." " Move on, move on, I say !" "
 " O ! my lorn muse"—" What did that fellow bray?
 He's mad or drunk." " That bell ! Bless me, what haste !
 The world is drunken, or runs mad, how fast."
 " Move from the platform that crazed monk away !" "
 " Come on, old fellow, you've been drinking."
 " What mean you, marry anon, I was but thinking."
 " Oh ! we've no time for that, lad, now-a-days."
 " Sweet sir, I was composing stanzas, lays."
 " You'll stand not here, so walk, or you we'll lay
 In yonder station-house for all the day."

Oh ! muse, we're born too late, the world's grown
 No longer poesy may charm its soul, [old.
 'Tis a huge miser, dreaming but of gold ;
 Its eye, its heart, is icy as the pole,
 And nought its mighty energies enroll,
 Save sordid facts, material properties :
 It much endures, is great, is bold for these,
 But lofty sympathies, those—bah ! they're wool,
 Wool that o'erclothes the sheep of this wolf-day,
 Whose idol is the useful, what is that ?
 Much names the world thus, name we useless may,
 Man rushes round the world, his object, what ?
 Mostly to cull its luxuries I wot,
 To pamper flesh—may not a dream there sway ?

Yet owns this iron age stern poetry ;
When future bard its deeds of fame may sing,
The north-west passage to posterity,
Like Janus' enterprise, a theme shall wing;
'Twill deem, who sought, drank from poetic spring,
Deep as crusader whilst that Albion,
To right the wrongs of Lybia's sable son,
Score millions paid, will wake sublimest string.
And in our age th' heroic shall be found,
For epic meet; so grand, that siege of Troy,
Liv'd but a Homer to enrol in sound, [toy;
Would seem beside't mere childhood's tinsell'd
Napoleon's feats by land, Nelson's by sea,
Bedim thee, Salamis—Thermopylæ.

And Ind saw Britain Alexander's wars [not
Surpass, too Europe's, though as fam'd they're
Whilst Franklin's conquests in electric laws, [Watt,
Cartwright's discoveries, Stephenson's, thine,
Those science' trophies, ne'er to be forgot ;
Will perhaps in future time wake wonder flights
Strange as in childhood rouse th' Arabian Nights,
Till stamped our Britain genii-haunted spot.
But rob'd in useful raiments are the Nine,
Smoke-webb'd their wings, of iron are their quills,
And vantage only, human or divine,
May wake their leaden lyre though deep it
thrills.
Our Layards delve truth's buried wealth to find,
Voyage Livingstones. Lo ! commerce stirs the
mind.

But first, o'er those high deeds, the waves of time,
Must scatter spray, thus veil of mind the eyes ;
Leave there that ebbing mist which magnifies
Whilst it bedims,—an atmosphere sublime ;
Ere they'll be deem'd Time's heirlooms meet for
rhyme ;

For great events, like pictures that we paint,
Increase with age their value ; so a saint,
When dead, lives canonized in hallow'd clime.

Time sets as sets the sun ; light, mellow deep,
Sheds o'er the past, as when, from Hesper steep,
Apollo breathing gold bids Day adieu ;

When pass'd, its breath hangs on the moral
sky

In gorgeous mists, the little veils from view,
But shows, 'mid glory's haze, the worthy, high.

In clime of modern day, all iron, steam,
No ear may list as mawkish poet sings,
Nor, 'mid the engine's ceaseless thunderings,
Can poet coin light fancy's airy dream ;
Then tell me what must be the poet's theme :
Sure the strange true romance of life, and told
In Nature's eloquence sonorous, bold,
The poesy of truth in rainbow-beam.

The fast world's ear for fiction is too keen,
Bard must be seer, or statesman speaking song ;
Must, on the beauteous, sermons sing, I ween,
Not girlish verse, the energies to wrong ;
His numbers striking spirit-sparks, must e'en
Like to soul-engines, bear us, bound along.

As Madame Roland cried to Liberty

And said "What crimes are acted in thy
So, with the like emotions, we exclaim, [name,"
What folly's done in thine, O Poetry !
Where thee, in truth and nature rob'd, we see
Not, but unnatural discontented flame ; [blame
Till wise men spurn thee, and thou bear'st the
Of what thou scorn'st, what nought pertains to
thee. [“ wo, death.”
Some bid thee cry "Wolf," when 'tis not,
Enough of evil know our mortal days ;
'Tis wrong to waken such with willing breath ;
True poetry doth wear Hope-flowers, for wreath ;
She strikes her lyre, the sad, the low, to raise ;
She strikes her lyre for blessings God to praise.

A LONDON SATURDAY NIGHT.

Gaslights innumerable sun the stores,
Nightly illumination lit to trade !
Reminding when—that honour might be paid
King Hal the Fifth, released from mortal wars,
From France death-conquer'd, touching native shores,—
Duke Humphrey citizens of London bade,
With flambeaus lit, in funeral garb array'd,
Stand, solemn, mourning lines, at gabled doors.
When slow through narrow ways o'erhanging, tall,
Knights bore the royal corse on nodding height,
Those torches from arch'd doors threw ghastly light,
As floated by, 'mid glooms, the stately pall ;
And London seem'd illum'd for spectral ball,
Where starr'd to Westminster a path of light.

Jove's from Olympus fall'n ; a mighty god,
Bacchus is worshipp'd still ; his baleful rites
Have westward voyag'd, Saturdays, their nights,
Behold them dire in London, where a flood
Of gasbeams, light up scenes of reeling mood ;
Where man as fiend-possess'd his brother fights ;
Women with children yell in frantic flights.
All squander coin, then scarce for days know food,
No gen'rous god, as poet sings, is he,
Shaking sunn'd hills with laughter, couch'd on
vines,
Him, gross, blotch'd, vulgar demon, here you see,
Or ghost, gaunt, burning, shrivell'd, that declines ;
Screams, blasphemies the " Io evohë."
Strange ! Man in every clime adores his shrines.

Behold yon pale and decent matron ; she
Her brutal husband seeks, who spends his hire
In costly poisons, whilst from want expire
Their children. See ! she finds him—timidly
Approaches, is repulsed how brutally !
When from dram-drinking scene he deigns retire
Maudlin, or raging with a bull-dog ire,
Alas ! for that devoted family.
Hogarth conceiv'd no horror like that home.
Home ! sacred name ! Pollutes thee such a scene,
Where Tartarus on earth too clear doth loom,
Where God's breath, youthful yet, in guilt grows
keen ;
Blighted his form from sin, woe, want, ere green ;
With future terror, shame, the state to gloom.

O stern necessities of life ! that bend
Immortal heaven-born souls all earthward prone ;
In all the throngs that pass me scarce is one,
But whose crush'd thoughts to food or raiment tend ;
To nobler aspirations rare they wend,
Here all from needs are mostly care and bone ;
Few spirits save on duty's wing alone,
In hurried life may with th' Eternal blend.
How abject crowds around humanity !

Deform'd with labour, vice. What features,
where [here !
Want, woe, pain, guilt, hide heaven, are crowded
From human nature's height what fall we see,
In mind, form ! Fall from Venus Medici,
Shakspeare, Newton, Apollo Belvedere.

But not God's image all who pass deface,
Many a sober artisan with mate,
In native dignity, proud labour's state !
Wend by for marketing in seemly pace ;
Both cleanly clad, health beaming in each face,
For night of Saturday is home-kept *fête*,
To such ; from well-earn'd wage then congregate
Their weekly stores, where throws contentment
Let not the noble or the rich deride [grace.
The simple joys of honest labour born,
A week's hard toil the pleasure and the pride
Of that hour buys ; such heartfelt thrills adorn
Not pamper'd sloth ; nor minds of some here scorn,
Much knowledge, nature's, rough, doth there
abide.

SEVEN DIALS.

Behold the court ! but not Saint James's. Here,
No Order of the Garter, Bath, appear :

The banners, though they're ancient, widely rent,
Ne'er wav'd o'er glory's field ; them, shots of time
Have riddled various, where habiliment
Waves drying from yon windows, waves sublime,
But not o'er stalls ; though stalls rise here, e'en two
Where fair fruit-venders, portly dames, preside,
Ladies, who mysteries solve of mountain-dew,
Of the court's factions, leaders dignified.

Chiefs they of orange lodges, and full oft,
When soar the fumes of that same dew aloft,
Like leaders in "The House," they'll speech retort,
Till, lo ! their philippics arouse the court.

The scene becomes all animated soon—
Scene, Dickens, Hogarth of the pen, alone
Could paint. What ragged children fast abound !
What slatterns ! What creation's lords ! And
round
The rival leaders gather where they war.
All vote, vote *viva voce*, nor divide
Till comes august policeman : as from chair
The Speaker awful rules, on either side,
Refractory members, and to order calls ;
So he, with staff, the members of the stalls.
The civil list is on the table now,
Homeric matrons. *Habeas corpus*, lo !
Installs your greatness ; vain those oaths, away !
You fruitless fought. Boys filch'd it 'mid the fray.

“ From the sublime to the ridiculous
Is but a step.” From dome of luxury,
Where gorgeous Sybarites on roses lie,
To scenes of squalor, dark, unhallow’d, gross,
Is scarcely more : the spacious airy house
Stands neighbour’d foul by festering human sty,
Where reeking fumes from crowded poverty
Taint heaven’s sweet air with breathings poisonous.
To cleanse such Augæan stables were a deed
Right worthy Hercules ; let none rest sure,
Because beyond the pest they dwell secure ;
Filth’s subtle poisons, like to sightless seed,
Or germs of vice, spread rise, and when they
soar, [breed.
We know not where they fall, but there they’ll

BOHEMIA.

A state sends talents to its capital,
Evil as also good ; and channels there
The social scum to moral cesspools bear.
Behold huge London’s foul receptacle !
The classic shades of rogues professional ;
Here the every’s genius haunts, her priests in drear
Base myst’ries skill’d from life’s backwoods, from
Her forts, lay on society black-mail. [here
Great in their cause, albeit not great their cause ;
Here rise no Alexanders, Bonapartes ;
They rob in little, helots are of laws ;
They cannot change such as to serve the parts
They play ; on their achievements greatness darts
No glory ; mean as criminal their wars.

Yet they're as proud of loathsome victories
 As greater robbers ; know your master-thief
 Ranks in his wretched clan a honour'd chief
 He's cynosure of Blackguardism's quick eyes ;
 Keen hero his contemporaries prize,
 And as ensign, young lawyer with first brief,
 Are held commander, judge, in hope's fond fief,
 So their ambition he awakes to rise ;
 And in their field of villainous glory, they
 In base manœuvres, in or charge, retreat,
 Tactics so numerous and nice display,
 That in victorious honour's field, such feat
 Of skilful gen'ralship would deem'd be, meet
 To win Hungary, Poland, Italy.

In peaceful times still ever wages war,
 With arms that Protean selfishness doth wield ;
 He's brave who dares these haunts, with justice
 steel'd,
 As warrior ruddy from Bellona's gore ;
 For desperate oft are Mormons of the law :
 Who'd raise them patience as at siege must yield,
 Born heirs to crime they dwell in regions seal'd
 Thus " Who here enters hope must never more."
 What features stamp'd with Satan's hoof, dark, fell,
 Stare in your face, then flit by in the gloom !
 For his Inferno here might Dante come
 To gather horrors ; not alone, 'twere well,
 For in this region seeming won by hell
 From earth, might fatal be, nor known, your doom.

THE POLICE-COURT.

What visages begrim'd with brutal sin
The bestial joys of hapless wretch, born base [face ;
Low'r round ! The mask of vice o'erglooms each
Hid there th' immortal birthright, from within
Flames forth a horrid courage, glorying in
The bad achievement ; but in some I trace
Those ill-dissembled pangs when felt disgrace,
Deem such to virtue kindly aid could win.
There comes unheard but yet a felt applause,
From throngs congenial round, as magistrate
Dooms the offender ; and he leaves elate,
Displays a daring meet for worthier cause,—
Comes sympathy as if to tyrant-laws,
A martyr stands, doom'd wrongly, hapless, great.

THE POLICE-VAN.

The car of Justice halts before her gate ;
To penal walls offending flesh 't will bear ;
In vain would flee the doom'd. Car, silent, drear,
As that grim ferry-boat whose ghostly freight
Is souls. Lo ! he who drives as stern doth wait
As Charon on oars resting, watchful, ere
Stirring Styx's waters, stagnant, black, he'll steer
With trembling spectres towards the realms of fate.
As e'er in London, gather in a trice
A crowd, they view the sons of guilt off-hurl'd
To dismal shades ; the fumes are they, upcurl'd,
From immolation offer'd up by vice ;
Men, women, children, sick'ning sacrifice !
By Justice doom'd, great Minos of the world.

Of the great curse, the groaning world one sees
 How slow reliev'd ! When will be all off-cast ?
 How long the forests ages through have pass'd,
 Where still, boughs night-hung, ancient upas-trees,
 Breathe poison from Mind-sunderbunds, Life's lees ;
 Where still the fatal serpent coils, to blast ;—
 How long shall these, the view obscuring, last ?
 Thickets earth-prone, we but in progress' breeze,
 Stir ; when sere-leaf p'haps falls, and brake reveals
 To glooms that hang around a dawn-like light ;
 When will the glory which then faintly steals
 On mortal state, unclouded, charm the sight ?
 When will pervading shine that sun so bright,
 We journeying see down vistas, shade conceals ?

Oh ! for the power all social ills to trace
 To Nile-like source ! To feel that triumph he,
 The sage physician, knows, when pensively
 He reads disease where lies a suff'rer's face ;
 Now feels his pulse, the chamber rapt doth pace,
 As for enlightenment, then with kind glee
 Exclaims " I've found the ill, and remedy,"
 And soon health's charms the convalescent grace.
 Oh ! moment jubilant to feel we hold
 Such healing power ! Thus bless'd who would not
 run
 Like Moses did 'mid Israel when begun
 The plague, and wav'd the censer, till behold
 The pestilence disarm'd ? Who'd not be bold
 In work so great, who'd death to spread it shun ?

THE HOUSE OF REFUGE.

Was it the soughing wind, or shudd'ring rain,
Crav'd shelter from the night that storm-fiends ride,
Assum'd a human voice, and Mercy cried ?
No ; for it howls between the blasts, as Cain
P'haps howl'd when thunder roll'd above. Again !
Open the door. On steps, like rags unty'd,
There lies a heap, cold, wet. Oh ! open wide
The door ; admit the wretched Magdalen.
Give roof, give fire, she, innocent, before
A hearth once sat : now guilt's drops scorch her eyes.
In vain you question, tear alone replies ;
Your sympathy her peace shall some restore,
Most when you tell who said, "Go, sin no more,"
Tell that He welcomes whoe'er to Him flies.

THE WASHING BATHS.

Those pests of weekly ides where dwell the poor
Are hither spirited, as matron brings
Sort of Pandora's bundle, yclept "her things."
Staunch foe to dirt is she, soon *con amor'*
Behold her elbow-deep in suddy war ;
Frequent, as syren in mist-clouds, she sings,
Heart-melody from honest toil that springs ;
Her children's garbs she rubs, may bid it soar.
They are in honourable custody.
A penny must she pay their warders ; now,
Her wardrobe from scrub-purgatory free,
She homewards wends. Her lord arrives ; to know
The "washing's" done from home he's pleas'd; soon,
They're serious in the peaceful meal of tea. [lo !

THE RAGGED SCHOOL.

Lo ! where Lord Shaftesbury, in Christian mood,
 'Mid ignorance's youth doth great preside ;— [glide
 Though Rhone-like, soil'd, life's stream flow, we must
 Thereon, or find the ever-rolling flood
 Has left us where, we rapt inactive stood,
 Like water-drops which still-retiring tide
 Leaves in lone pool to stagnate dull, till dried
 On sands of a dead ocean, void of good.
 Scorn you to sink the lees of the world's cup,
 Then must you act in soul or thew ; be up
 And doing, vain the aspiration high,—
 Oh ! vain the dream of human perfectness ;
 There weighs a load upon us : let us try
 To move one mite, that sin and woe be less.

The humblest teacher mid the ragged-school,
 Or artisan, his science in his tool,
 Owns more of worth than the philosopher
 Or demagogue, whose schemes but float in air,
 Of fine or troubled brain, but good not bear.
 What lowers to human needs, aught blesses, we
 Deem patriotism—true philosophy
 Where all who good achieve, though humble, share.
 When through our days we sleep we're toss'd with
 dreams,
 Visions brings deadly toil of idleness ;
 Whose cure's to mount the watch-tower, charm or bless ;
 Were all more zealous in benignant schemes ;—
 Would vanish profitless, soul-vexing themes :
 Their fruit abortive, poisonous, grow less.

The plastic mind has mould in scenes around ;
Materials they, the architect unknown,
Who rears the palace of the soul doth own
To build withal ; if fair or bold, we're found,
Of lovely, noble thought; on virgin ground
Of life the various germs of taste are sown,
Of virtue, which anon spring up, till grown,
Youth's, manhood's path they shade, breathe fragrance
round.

But rise those scenes or squalid, or of vice,
In life's mire dug spreads dark the spirit's den ;
No virtues, tastes—life's window-flowers—may then
The dungeon'd-born from native glooms entice ;
How much on what the world sets highest price,
Scorns, hates, we had when life did open ken !

This holds not true of all ; fair scenes of home
Oft rise before the culprit's mental eye ;
Fled virtue, beauty, love ; when tenderly
His anxious parents o'er him watch'd—the room
Mellow in sunset, sweet in window-bloom,
Where he, fresh-wash'd, knelt by his mother's
knee,
Lisp'd as she, calm in beautiful piety,
Taught him "Our Father." Ah ! that he did roam.
Arise the mountain, field, the village-green,
Stream whence he pluck'd the cress, forget-me-not,
Some picture lov'd, school, playmate, sister, cot,
The grand old church they took him to, so clean,
So happy, on each Sunday morn serene,
The family Bible hallowing each spot.

Who'll dare exclaim as round, in rapid course,
 Rolls down his cheeks like thunder-drop the tear,
 That though those holy scenes his manhood's year
 Fail'd to illume, yet since they wake remorse :—
 At the eleventh hour burst the soul-clod gross—
 They influence not his fate ! That from those dear
 Associations rises not the pray'r
 Which lifts the sinner, nails him to the cross.
 But what, alas ! has he, the hapless wretch,
 Born in the slough of vice, want, misery,
 Whose morn was night,—what to bid mem'ry fetch
 Back one fair spot, one hallow'd thought, that he
 May, soften'd, melt to pray'r ? Nought ! Let us
 pray
 That Mercy e'en to him her hand will stretch.

Welcome Repentance-homes ! Never the night,
 Did God pile cloud on cloud, would pass away,
 But deign'd He multiply the stars, the ray
 Would gild the glooms ; so in each social blight,
 Prisons are clouds that but o'ershade the light ;
 “ More light,” like dying Goethe still, we cry ;
 Pure pleasures ; man how oft is vice's prey,
 From want of worthier things, for mind, heart,
 sight.
 Did gardens bloom, museums rise, where Art,
 And Nature taught of Faith, of Virtue's power,—
 Such, where the moral landscape dark doth lower,
 For this world, for the next, would light impart ;
 From grovelling joys much win mind, senses, heart :
 Quixotic deem me, but fruit follows flower.

Pure, noble, burns the patriot's gen'rous fire,
That love of country whose subliming glow,
Consumes self, as the martyr's flames, with higher
Aspirings than our good : but narrow, though
High glorious, is that love of country to
A love of kind, that broad philosophy,
Which can o'erleap the local boundary—
And where is man, nay, where God's works, can
flow.

The hour shall be when patriot alone,
They him will name whose wide, wide love doth own
All men, who heeding nought geographic line,
'Mid Charity, halo of the Divine,
In foes alone of poor humanity—
Sin, ignorance, pain—shall see an enemy.

No birthplace fetters genius ; though the mind
It brightens owns a tint from scenes around ;
Yet such the force of soul inspir'd, 'twill bound
Beyond where duller spirit mopes all blind ;
Will through the actual burst that had confin'd ;
Some circumstance, how trivial e'er, is found
To wake the soul entranc'd on alien ground ;
The flame within will mount through glooms that
bind ;
How oft amid the clouds of ignorance,
The hell of sin, the frosts of poverty,
That strange illumination—genius' ray,
Will light the inner world with magic glance !
As when in some dim court strange sunbeams dance,
Where fissure, recent-made, admits the day.

Word, song, a blade of grass, moss, picture, can
 Bring soul-quake heaving soil where genius lies ;
 Then, as in earth, where spring wakes ecstasies
 Straight, germs divinely sown disturb the man ;
 Still as the gales breathe warmer, stronger than
 Earth's seeds, they struggle through the rocks,
 will rise,

Tree-like seek light, till waving in the skies
 They leave their sordid birthplace, world-wide fan.
 Oh ! they must spread till hid all other views.

How sweet their shade does fortune follow toil !
 If not they grow like vines on scanty soil,
 But to be trampled down, still, still refuse ;
 They feel high destiny, they cannot choose,
 But pant to breathe their sweets in upward coil.

When night and silence wrap the world around,
 Bards waking hear a voice,—and none are nigh ;
 Then, Samuel-wise, must answer, “Here am I !”
 In vain, like Eli, those who slumber round,
 Say “Sleep,” henceforth they may not, but are found
 In temple of the Lord,—whose roof’s the sky,
 With floating incense fill’d of melody ;—
 High priests with spell of song for ever bound.
 ’Tis theirs to trim that bright lamp of the Fane,
 Whose pure rays beauty’s mysteries reveal ;
 To stand before the altar, and to feel—
 Beholding glories that the shrines contain—
 High raptures ; finding utterance in strain
 Doom’d o’er the earth, nay, heav’nward p’haps, to
 steal.

CHATTERTON'S LODGING, BROOKE STREET.

Of those who exchange glances with the sun,
Whose soul-car driv'n by Spirit-Phaëton,
 Is burnt with heat ; who, as they struck a rock,
 Strike 'gainst the orb of circumstance, whose shock
Shatters where it arrests the bounding soul,
Which flies off scattering glory-stars, to dole
 Henceforth a track of that unfading glow—
 Light which illumes too well the depths of woe,
Yet bliss supreme reveals which, though by night
Whelm'd, soars at dawn on fame's horizon bright—
 Of those, the blighted with great sheen, when mind
 Is a full blaze, when reason dazzled, blind,
Uncalm'd, leaps from her troubled throne, as though
By lightning struck,—one such here died, and how ?

Of all who gen'rous largess dealt of praise,
Had one stretch'd forth a hand his soul to raise,
 To soothe that young wild heart ; oh ! then a bright
 Meteor which, o'er the cold but startled night,
Burst in a shower of fire, and then was gone,
Doubtless anon with radiance fix'd had shone ;
 And follow'd that amazing morning, days
 Of lustrous noon, and gorgeous evening rays.
Yes he—who like an orb half-rounded, ere
It spin in space and to harmonious sphere
 Add full-toned music fell—had surely been
 Of those the world is bless'd by, starlike men !
Who in the mortal sky we gaze up to,
Which glorify the lands whose breath they drew.

And such should foster what so glorifies,
The lustre thence they gain, at least with food
And raiment meet, it fires with shame my blood,
That the adornments of all lands, whence rise
Their noblest, longest fames—that one such dies
For want of the poor pittance, that you throw
Unto your dog, that bites and howls for you.
Shame, shame on humankind, such meanness cries !
Oh ! that quintessesences of souls should creep
This God-made earth an hour, crouch, wither,
weep,
Be swept away afame with heaven's own light :
A flower it gave you, but, ah ! not to blight ;
A tone it struck to raise, to bless your sphere,
You starv'd to silence, drown'd with churlish
cheer.

England, to scorn her gifted, prone we see ;
Of that strange error, peoples all, beware !
A nation's deeds the type enduring are,
Where 'graved in adamant its history
Shows patent ; there will coming ages weigh
Its character ; when dead, its actions stand
The bright or sable archives of a land
That desolation ne'er may sweep away.
Then, let us care what usage meet those great,
That, when our freedom, commerce, power, be past,
And pass they will, and we a wreck are cast
On shoals, where empires' seas retired do beat
No more ; their voices then of quenchless heat,
Word fair the flag, o'er-waving sunken mast.

As ages, year-spray'd billows, lave a land,
They hurl material glories down ; decay,
Which slowly works, yet with unwearied hand,
Shall sweep e'en Cheops' pyramids away.
Nineveh, Babylon, ah ! where are they ?
And what of Britain, Europe, will remain,
When pass'd ten thousand years ? perchance a
plain,
Where not one human relic charms the eye.
Still, time, unspiritual triumph, triumphs o'er,
Or man destroys ; if not, the wolf of taste
Steals from the past, then, lo ! memorial-waste,
Where column, statue, dome, arise no more ;
But man, time, letter-glories spare, grand store
Freeborn ! they're own'd by every land, day, caste.

O Literature ! of spirit lucid sea,
Which heaven-reflecting 'mid the nations lies,
Exhaling air, warm, salt, refining, free,
Fed by those streams from mountain-mind that rise,
Which bear great thoughts, immortal argosies !
Wreath of immortals round life's brow that
bloom !
A chaplet meet to lie on Time's hush'd tomb,
When, urn'd, its ashes slumber in the skies.
Ne'er fall uncrumbling monuments of soul,
Those pyramids of thought on airy plain ;
Celestial-born, such time would fell in vain,
They soar above where clouds of eras roll,
Star-points they pierce the skies ; on earth heaven's goal
They'll witness—haply with its stars remain.

When those soul-pyramids which Memnon-wise
 Breath'd music o'er life's desert—Poesy ;
 Whilst down Time's aisle, where ages arch, swell'd
 high
 Man's voice, that genius bade in anthems rise
 As choral sung all lands—when song, as flies
 Each element apart, and angel's eye
 Beholds in bright'ning heaven earth melt away,
 Chants its funereal dirge to list'ning skies :
 Shall it mind-incense curl'd o'er altar, where
 To justice offer'd melts a world in fire,
 Soar from the mortal flames of the grand pyre,
 And mingling with th' eternal deem'd be there
 Sole earth-fruit worthy Heav'n ? If thus, who bear
 Are not for scorn when they awake the lyre.

Are sons of genius wayward, wild, proud, strange ?
 Oh ! marvel not such moods on those do prey,
 Who dwell above the manners of their day,
 In clime, where vulgar souls ne'er soar, nor range,
 Nor that those who pass life where dreams estrange,
 From the great world, lack huckster policy,
 Jostling 'mid herds bestows, and that they be
 Eccentric, dwelling in life's moated grange.
 Ungrateful are those men so raised, so bright ?
 Such feel they should not bend for crumbs that fall
 From table of the world ; feel they own all
 That world doth grasp, by lawful, highest right,
 Being dower'd far more than others with His light
 Who made the earth. Drink World, thy blameful
 gall.

Let not the world to judge of those presume
Where mental suns outpour transmundane beams,
A light unearthly ! By its standard, dreams
Pass fiat common, rude, where rays illume
It knows not, let it learn to prize the plume
It soars withal : the wild seraphic mood
Of bards, by rule so starch'd, is understood
Not. They are hid in splendours high that gloom.
And what to them the empty and the bare
Conventionalties of life they scorn ?
In whose—to them—strange clime they look but
lorn,
Diminish'd from their lofty distant sphere ;
So polish'd life to savage doth appear,
Seems dreamy toy, by state less worthy worn.

Rarely the Poet lives interpreted,
By th' age that brings him forth ; in love with bead
And bauble like the savage seems that age :
How skilful in life's hunt ! How keen and sage
In daily circumstance, in things that die,
But, in those everlasting and more high
Essentials, the ennobling, spiritual,
There but a child, a savage, hard, cold, dull.
The frigid world's the gelid oyster hard,
That recks not of the pearl it holds, the bard,
Its spat-forth jewel, yet reserv'd to be,
When spent the age lies sunk in time's deep
sea,
In coronet of fame a gem sublime,
To shed a glory on all place, all time.

Say, shall the multitude obscenely mass'd,
 Who eat, sleep, breed, are fortune's grovelling
 slaves,

Alone in things material grow, in graves
 Fall as fall leaves when sweeps autumnal blast,
 Are known no more, be judg'd with that high caste
 Who fall but die not—whose great ardour, light,
 Are ages ere they wane in sunset-flight,
 And none may say if ever shall be past ?

Nay, e'en in judgment sit on those sublime
 Mortals, who, as they float in spirit-air,
 Behold beneath mankind in earthy slime,
 To them in heart, soul, animalculæ,
 Half-form'd and pigmy monsters, which with limb
 Crawling, and brutal head, each other tear ?

Not twitt'ring poetasters sing I now,
 Who, as from worn stock-pot of poesy,
 Hash you a mess, serve up stale lines, nor they
 Spasmodics, muses theirs, whose labour-throe,
 When thought they bring to birth, oppresseth you.
 Muses who wear grimaces ; such we see
 Singers assume when warbling notes too high
 To please, and when they've roar'd they sink too low.
 Bards, who with flash or bolt of thought, charm,
 fright,
 Priest of the sister art pre-Raphaelite
 Resemble, he, who, while truth painting, seeks
 Dame Nature in her rugged hideous freaks,
 Dubs her a Methodist garb'd prim ; in short,
 Paints her like Cromwell's portrait—gives the wart.

Great masters, mighty, wondrous, are my theme ;
They who with blendings charm you, whilst a
fold
Of genius sweeping wide your soul doth hold,
Or sail-like wafts it down a solemn stream
Of vision, nor you wake till melts the dream ;—
Bards, whose uplifted eyes, in frenzy roll'd,
Travel the skies, see the unseen, and mould
Bar'd spirit-worlds to form, the myst'ries beam.
All things in nature, man, life's every chance,
Are chords where sweep their fingers world-wide
lyre,
And these, rekindled by the touch, that fire
They knew in Eden feel, with burning glance
Confess the sound, where, rais'd in music's trance,
They yield the bard a universal quire.

They, seers heav'n-tun'd, afar in lofty sphere,
Crown'd, on Parnassus' dim though shining throne ;
Where o'er th' unreal life's promontories lone
Hang beetling, sit with harp : and cloud-rob'd there
Whilst music slumbers round, behold laid bare
The universe, whose scenes wake rapture's tone,
When striking loud the lyre, with music zone
They charm the world, held captive through the ear.
In part they are like Adam e'er sin came;
Ages wove clouds ; the carnal veil is torn ;
They do behold, not learn, and truths reborn
In beauty, come to them and ask a name,
Approaching where they crown the hills of flame,
Golden, in halo of th' eternal morn.

Unto such royal bard's soul-kindled eye,
 Nature's transfiguration doth appear ;
 When rais'd he cries, " 'Tis well I sojourn here !"
 He standing mute on tuneful Sinai,
 Mov'd with soul-stirring, mystic sympathy,
 Receives the Lord's commandments, written where
 A hand of fire the brain wellnigh doth sear,
 Not carv'd on stone : he takes them timidly.
 A glorious charge ! To soothe, enlighten, raise
 The heart of man : heneeforth he may not wend
 From that high calling, but with lofty gaze,
 The spirit of song must lone sublime attend ;
 As strangely come those sounds of heav'n-pitch'd
 tone—
 Sounds he can hear, but he may hear alone.

Aloe-like minds, they flower in centuries,
 Then bloom on earth as by a deaden'd sea,
 There breathe a world-wide fragrance as they free
 The soul's, the heart's perfume, in melodies ;
 They're thrilling links that join the earth and skies,
 Vibrate with downward-flowing sympathy ;
 Great chosen ones, that God deems fit to be,
 Fair Genius' urns, where earth's incense may rise ;
 God them inspires with what named fable old
 The Muse ; that inner life, which all men hold
 But utter few, dubs them most glorious files
 Of organ-pipes He breathes through, when high
 verse
 Wakes the cathedral of the universe,
 Rolls music down where ages vault the aisles.

How oft their strains like flashing lightnings bound
On life's dark clouds, which rent, in fulgence
shake,
And reels the world as mov'd with music-quake,
Whilst thunders roll'd melodious, peal around ;
Awake the earthy world, that—like the ground
Which summer parches, that its thirst doth slake
When Heaven dissolving bids it rain-drop take,—
Grows verdant, flowery 'neath a shower of sound.
They breathe in one great line a focus-code
Of wisdom, beauty, waking, with a note,
In hollows dark, truth's saws, down time to float ;
They light yet one more lamp on life's dark road
Whereby to read its pages, spirit-glow'd ;
They span with one more arch its castle's moat.

They plume yet more the droop'd wing of the world,
Winnowing life's clime to clear with music's blast ;
And lo ! a brilliant banner, strange, unfurl'd,
Flaps in the brighten'd air, when it is past,
A bough falls lopp'd, which thickest shades did cast ;
Whilst vista, long conceal'd, adorns the view,
Where truth's clear stream is seen more broad and
blue,
Meandering 'mid the beauteous, grand, pure, vast.
Oh, ardent souls are these ! They, like a spark
On gunpowder, but touch the hidden dark,
Then, lo ! a glory wakes, flames like Greek fire,
And licking up cold matter, dry, gives birth
To starry systems, which, in skiey quire,
Illume the vales from beacon-tops of earth.

Grand souls, they dwell beside the careworn world,
 Where spin its wheels of ceaseless labour round ;
 And that worn world its breast owns sorrow-lull'd,
 Its toil relieved, its earthly spirit bound
 Upward, expand, as wakens lyric sound ;
 Whilst steals o'er iron life to charm, the lays
 Restraining, urging, rousing, soothing days,
 When sweeps the poet's hand aloft, profound.
 The mighty bard enthron'd on clouds, his hall
 The air-roof'd earth, who rains on floors below
 The thunder-strain, the wail, the dying fall,
 Sways moon-like spirit-seas, which ebb and flow
 As the grand verse, like locks shook from his
 brow,
 Falls on the world's large breast, warms, softens all.

Their souls pierce through, reflect, their age; in
 rhyme

They breathe its echoes for their time—all time ;
 Sing pæans o'er bright virtue's victory,
 Lamenting dirge o'er vice to scare away,
 They make mankind the hero of the lay ;
 To harpings, like the rosy shepherd-boy,
 Who Israel's dark king sooth'd with music-joy,
 Sing forth the gloomy demon of their day.
 Their poems—all should be such—are a great
 Trumpet, that to the march of time they blow,
 A march where comrades pace of every state ;
 Grand blasts, that warm the heart and raise the brow,
 Solemn, lead on to where in glory, lo !
 Encamp'd, the ages for millennium wait.

Song-seers, before their ages oft they fly,
And shining in the morn, to whence they soar'd,
Send back the tidings of the unexplor'd ;
When musical, the voice of prophecy,
Like birds of passage winging o'er the sea,
They seek the summer climes, the summer woods,
With souls loose-drifting through the glory-floods,
Fly from the present season winterly ;
Unheeding prudence, life's good rudder, borne
By passion's gales they bound till rocks or sands
Smite ; then, fall 'neath the scene they did but
scorn ;
But, sinking, swell mind-seas, which to all lands
Send upward flowing streams, on all their strands
Depositing the pearls that e'er adorn.

They are the flute unto the Phrygic dance
Of life—for life is sway'd by poesy ;
They bid it wheel, or halt, retire, advance,
As numbers waken steps, slow, quick, low, high ;
We see them rev'rend priests of melody ;
As of a lyre we mark the metal strings—
The cage of music—whence, on sightless wings,
Sound flutters as its captive spirit's sigh ;
But of the being of the world of sound
That hovers o'er us like an air-plum'd bird,
Then dying, droops its wings, falls, eddying round,
As brought by silence down ; save that we heard,
We nothing know ; and knows as much the
herd
Of poet's soul, whose power it own'd, spell-bound.

What were the world if God had bade not bloom
 Such soul-exotics on life's sod as bard ?—
 Those fadeless flowers that gem fame's em'rald sward,
 And mingle with the breath of truth perfume,
 Garland her features, which unwreath'd wore gloom ;
 Drop honey on her breast, else rugged, hard ?
 E'en as our globe of gem and flower debarr'd,
 Or air, that nature bids in beauty loom,
 Paints the vast sky sweet azure, bright doth show
 Sun, stars—charms lacking, life knew dreary hours.
 Bards are our bees, which, humming 'mid the
 flowers,
 Bring honey to the human hive ; they do
 Husband sweet stores for winter, that when snow
 Lies round, we pleasant live in fancy's bowers.

When one expires, lo ! an eclipse in men,
 A glorious pillar, that to heaven did soar,
 Lies beautiful on pavement of the choir
 Of the whole world ; from music's sphere fell then
 A star ; was he, the bard, crush'd youthful, when
 Starv'd sympathies, collisions rude, like hoar
 Frost, chill'd, a beam, did add to night's dark store,
 What loss mankind then knew, who'll paint,—who'll
 pen ?
 Tell what grand genius, when a babe in song,
 Was stifled ? What immortal work, life's frown
 Blasted when in the germ, or tears did drown
 Ere ripe in music ? What crush'd by the throng—
 Sunk, that had help'd the toiling world along ?
 What David, fatal javelin struck down ?

Bards dwell on life's and reason's utmost verge,
Where dreamy coasts a sunn'd delirium hem,
Hard by the spirit-sea, whose ghost-fraught surge,
Do winds contrary blow, o'erwhelmeth them ;
They are not great in strength, they cannot stem
Life's evils like the bold, time-serving man,
Whose spirit, from his post in action's van,
Is lion-like ; nor him whose power is phlegm.
Their strength is weakness ; opulent feeling, thought,
Lure passions, as the sweetest flower, the worm,
Or ripest fruit, the wasp ; ills on o'erwrought
Sensation prey, as fire on flax, and to
Fine souls those ills assume a whelming form,
Which sterner natures scarce would deem a blow.

Things polish'd brightest, readiest yield a flaw ;
The lightest dust on such fine surface shows ;
The heart, the mind, obey the self-same law,
The finer organiz'd, more felt the blows
Life deals. The bard, the world's wildflower,
grows
Upon the social rocks, and, like the heather,
Poor, flinty finds the soil, and rough the weather,
Where oft he lies all buried 'neath the snows.
Frequent, soul-glooms hang round him ; e'en the night
Of melancholy, as if humour dark
Was needed thoughts to show most fair and bright ;
So, when Nox rears his sable shield, we mark
The brilliant stars, gems hid in joyous light :
Black clouds show best the storm-shot lightning's
spark.

Ah ! he whose life is one fine frenzy, whose
 Soul dares on fiery wings Olympian height ;
 Who, when his plumes so phoenix-like do close,
 Swiftly descends, doth on the ground alight,
 When deep dejection follows, swoon-like plight,
 Profound as high the height where late he rose,
 He who sunstroke of genius smites with glows,
 Wakes strangely, soul, eye, heart, in marv'lous
 light ;
 Him bids predestinated yoke put on ;
 From cup nectareous drink of poetry :
 Cup bitter, luscious, each unutterably
 As fame and fortune wills. Oh ! if there's one,
 In all God's earth, beneath His blessed sun,
 Who needs forbearance, candour, it is he.

CHARING CROSS.

Here, Savage !—Johnson, Hercules of sages !
 Oft wander'd huge, read (slovenly his mien)
 Strange human life, its like yet varied pages.
 Life, flowing stream-like here from morn till ev'n,
 And purling ceaseless through the night, I ween ;
 Perpetual motion's found in London's throng,
 Now flowing onward, backward, still along,
 Retiring and returning, tide-like scene !
 There on life's billows solemn, turbid, lo !
 A phantom ship is seen to glide and veer,
 Through mists it looms, the shore it seeks none know,
 As towards the future, ever far yet near,
 It floats. Say, what its aim and where doth steer
 That phantom bark where human billows flow ?

There halts a cavalcade at Charing Cross ;
On nodding catafalque lies royal corse !

Weary yon knights, yon mules whose bells low ring.
Lo ! near a hundred monks, who "Paters" sing,
Kneel round a corpse, beside it weeps a king.
Hark ! Tolls Saint Peter's Abbey's holy bell !
Brave Edward ! Good was Eleanor, whose knell
To thy undaunted eye the tear doth bring. [care ;
Now rise the monks ; knights raise the queen with
King, knights, monks, hush'd, form long procession—
stir—
Move solemn, slow, 'neath trees to Westminster. [bare,
Hark ! Dirge they chant : at porch, his round head
The abbot stands—all enter—'long the nave,
To requiem sweep ; the dead lay in her grave.

SPRING IN LONDON.

From hill, from vale, the shroud of winter hoar [death,
Bright Spring uplifts from earth, that wak'd from
O'er garden, wold, breathes quick'ning vernal breath.
But not alone revive the mount and moor ;
The city feels a genial pulse beat o'er
Each bursting park and square, where nature boon,
Like beast you've tam'd, with cage familiar grown
Resign'd, e'en looks content, nor roam would more ;
Yet dull'd its native energy ; the flowers
That sickly peep from windows, Tasso's seem,
'Hind prison bars, whose pure poetic dream
Fades, starv'd in air confin'd, through lonesome hours ;
Whilst seen on sills, to penal rocks you'd deem
Them chain'd, where bronze brick wall, high, gloomy,
towers.

The cry of "Posies" through the troubled air
Comes like the song of bird from distant weald,
Waking the thought of woodland, garden, field,
And then we long to roam in freedom there ;
Buy glad of Flora's vestals rosy ware,
'Mid throngs all on some purpose bent, where
wheel'd
About, like bees in hives they murmurs yield,
And most, gay-garb'd, seem wending to a fair.
In a side street, half sunn'd, half cool in shade,
Whose potent silence thrills you, since so near
The crowded way, a thrush in scene brick-made
Warbles contentment's notes, though caged there ;
Now an Italian, wakes in that house-glade,
Organ, seems mellowing 'mid the sunny air.

What various features, forms, doth flesh afford !
In all these waves of life that roll along
Idle or busy, pleasure-seeking throng,
No two are like, nor like by fortune stor'd.
Now passes, bound for Parliament, the lord,
Who owns broad acres ; now the beggar, who
Owns not an inch of soil, save on his shoe.
See ! where he sturdy makes you step, his board.
Now drives the drayman by, red, lumb'ring
loud ;
By, in her carriage, sweeps the beauty proud ;
Lawyer, in cab ; in brougham, doctor ; by
The rich man, debtor, pass, change glances sly :
One, proud in prudence, he can debts disburse ;
One, low in self-esteem, as low in purse.

The burly man of trade bounces about ;
The statesman passes arm-in-arm with friends,
Supporters two ; now known by elbows out
And vacant gaze, the poet cat-like wends ;
Lo ! artist, porter—all intent on ends ;
Each is the centre of a system small.
What circumstances make up one, of all
The human units which vast London blends !
Round most there floats an air of mystery,
A pigmy policy alone they know.
How various of each the history !
How devious those self-currents onward flow !
All doom'd at one grand point to meet, where lo.
The ages roll into eternity !

Immense absorption, London ! Thousands come
Each year from shire—strange land—to thee ; and
lo !
Thou gulph'st them in as seas when, mark'd not, flow
Small drops of rain ; all seek in thee a doom,
Find fortune high, low, pleasure, pain, joy, gloom.
What streams of life there needs that round you go,
World-wheel ! what countless jets you upward
throw,
Or suck down, thou tremendous life-Maelstrom !
What miles of streets and squares, palaces, stores,
Are thine ! What unknown riches in them lie !
Could fatal sense of proud security
So lull, that foe might land on Britain's shores,
Might sack this mighty city, then, oh, me !
What spoils were his, unparalleled in wars !

To man spreads round how vast a monument !
 Where'er we gaze, his works invade the eyes ;
 What leagues you'll pace ere nature view ! The skies
 Seem art's work e'en, where they abrupt, low-bent,
 O'er-arch long lines of houses, rock-like rent,
 By where, and public piles—rear'd mounts—life's
 streams,
 Down brick-form'd channels lit with Phœbus' beams,
 Flow roaring, flow deed-freighted, vehement.
 Few barks there sail with aught save earthly prize—
 Cargoes they soon must heave, heave overboard ;
 Did one but preach of God here, Jonah-wise,
 This Nineveh would scorn th' intruding word :
 Watch'd he for Heaven's chastisement 'neath his gourd,
 He'd see how pardons grace indignities.

THE BLIND BEGGAR.

A world of sound is hers, where she doth stand
 In Patience' beams ; like lighthouse by a shore,
 Seen, seeing not—lone, list'ning mute, as roar
 And roll the human waves along the strand,
 In ceaseless, darksome tumult—with her hand,
 Which has not mov'd 'twould seem for many an hour,
 Held cuplike; there, 'mid sunshine, frost, wind, shower,
 Her life is pass'd, nor mark the busy, grand.
 She comes forth with the active world, as to
 A duty, and at eve retires—to where ?
 As cautiously she makes slow way, all there
 Kindly give place : the street's chief picture, lo !
 She comes ; speaks she, her words vociferous flow,
 As 'scaping from a dungeon'd world to air.

THE ALMS-GIVER.

The world is better than we deem it ; know
There's a hid undergrowth of shaded good,
Where gen'rous hearts, retir'd, taste choicest food ;
A stream of charity, where boughs hang low
O'er the world's rocks, doth, gently purling, flow,
Waking sweet music as in sunny wood,
Reviving verdure with hid warmth, as mood,
Blessing who gives, and who receives, doth glow.
A saint, not calendar'd, before me wends,
Deals alms to divers poor ; where by the way
Holds Bartemeus hat, stands silently,
Or straight with cur before him walks, who 'tends
His state like flying footman. That saint lends
To God, who e'er in peace, heartfelt, doth pay.

THE SHOE-BLACK.

Poor boy ! No art sublime is thine. To be
The valet of a calf's discarded skin.
Oh, thou, of Roman dames who'd lave their sin
By washing pilgrims' feet, remindest me ;
But sordid is thy prompt humility.

I know whilst, like Narcissus, thou look'st in
My boot, admir'st thyself, thy thoughts have kin
To profiles of her gracious Majesty.
I'm not Pope Pius in the Vatican,
Nor China's Emperor, therefore I pray
Kiss not my toe. If low as thee—who'll say—
Had Amherst kissed the corns of an old man
We'd not half China now—held not the Khan,
For pensioned pet—for friend, Commissioner Yeh ?

THE CROSSING-SWEEPER.

The humblest mortal hath a history,
 And a vocation he important deems.
 In sooth he's right : where life with pictures teems
 Not all of silver threads its tapestry ;
 Some must have texture coarse, and shading dye ;
 And they're like clouds which show fair Iris' beams,
 Or rocks that bear the firs which, shading streams,
 Relieve the mountain's grand sterility.
 He yonder of his work is proud ; deems you
 Who drop him coin would fail so well to sweep :
 Behold a math'matician who doth keep
 His besom'd way in line how marv'lous true.
 O Vanity ! thou'rt kind, thus to imbue
 Poor labour with contentment, rich, fond, deep.

THE POLICEMAN.

Justice in wondrous web, Arachne-wise,
 Sits Argus-eyed, web wove through all the land,
 The judge commander-i'-chief, sage sternly grand—
 Yonder policeman, sentinel, all eyes
 Pacing her ramparts, public ways !—Her spies
 Detectives whose keen scent to foreign strand
 Can pierce—are threads drawn round on ev'ry hand ;
 We all live, act, in range of justice' eyes.
 Her armies know by instinct rogues, and are,
 Though Protean, known by them, like Job's war-horse,
 Each scents the battle far—on restless course ;
 But when broad justice' realms crime-Attilá
 Invades, the whole web moves from secret force,
 To take the foe wakes hurried, thrilling war.

PUNCH AND JUDY.

Toby looks now as when I was a child ;
Was it the same kind cur as Launce's mild, [more
Then charm'd me ? I'm more old ; but Punch, that
Than hero of a hundred fights, makes war
On all around, beats Judy as of yore.
Whilst on the puppet tragedy I gaze
And smile, steal on my mind those trustful days
When I believ'd all things I heard—I saw.
The child in much is sadder than the man :
Oft when the setting sun in glory's flood
The city bath'd, whose gilded walls seem'd an
Huge prison, as new, a thoughtful boy I stood,
Heedless of noise around. Not Troy's woes can
Wake in me that hour's melancholy mood.

LONDON CRIES.

Our timepiece grows superfluous ; with cries
Loud, strolling merchants, bawling 'neath their stores,
Each minute pass so punctual by our doors ;
They shout a banquet-almanack, advise
Of seasons : when from couch of snow doth rise [rose,
Blithe Spring, they hail her birth with " Sweet prim-
Lilies of valley, violets ;" —when glows
Summer, with pulpy sweets as " strawberries,"
Still, as God's gifts—procession of the year—
Dance by, they chant their boist'rous, varied ode ;—
" Lavender,—walnuts," tell that 'neath his load.
Stoops Autumn ;—" Oysters " show hoar Winter's near ;
Till " Sprats alive ! " sent through the night, sharp, clear,
Proclaim he's shiv'ring down the ice-pav'd road.

THE WATER-CART.

If city, Pompeii-like, restor'd to-day,
 Presented car like that which yonder strays,
 A moving fountain, and all limpid plays
 Along the dusty square ; from such I'd say,
 Beholding it, "Here once of luxury
 Was the abode ;" for doubtless choice displays
 Of art, of varied wealth did line the ways
 Of city, needing such nice husbandry.
 O London ! thou'rt a huge bazaar ; around
 Of skill and toil what triumphs of each kind !
 An artificial world, where body, mind,
 O'erleaping Nature's simple wants, here found
 Forms man-created realm, sure 'tis the bound
 Of state luxurious, of state refin'd.

Nations, like individuals, deem they're wise,
 Most polish'd, most enlight'ned, when most dark ;
 Their dim, rude lore, illum'd by faintest spark,
 Reveals not, wide, the gloom which round them lies :
 Your savage boasts of his philosophies ;
 And when he decks with new-found rush his bark,
 Plumes more his head, deems there is progress' mark ;
 And the rude age preceding dares despise.
 Will future times our boasted age thus see ?
 'Twould seem not, for societies when height,
 Cultur'd, they reach, lose progress, halt in light ;
 Decline, relapse to old barbarity.
 For states unravel, like Penelope,
 Fair works they wrought by day, when comes the
 night.

The Stygian, stagnant pool of savage life,
Like the black waters of a tideless sea,
Heaves o'er civilization's depths ; its strife
Of brutal warfare rolls ingloriously,
Where priceless gems, refinement's jewels be ;
As neighbouring Cordillera such do loom ;
Like pearls 'neath misty ocean, so in tomb,
May Art beneath Cheapside low-fathom'd lie.
The slave treads on the clay of heroes, and
The peasant's spade upturns unhonour'd dust
Of him who liv'd the glory of his land ;
We may not step but we do pace where rust
In armoury of the past, Life's weapons : crust
Of empires, ruins—sleep on every hand.

And thus, civilization, it would seem,
Progresses not, but like the world goes round ;
A land now meets its sun, glows in bright beam ;
Then lo ! in future age with gloom 'tis bound !
Earth, water, like in quantity are found
Ever ; if shrink the sea, the stream, the lake ;
The sponge-like clouds are fed, and do we take
Aught from the soil, its atcms reach the ground.
Is't thus with vice, with knowledge ? 'Twere a
blight,—
Sad, hopeless creed to hold, that when the base
We did reform, vice only chang'd her place,
Was not destroy'd ; when brought a truth to
light,
There was but dug up one long hid from sight :
This were to hold no faith in march of grace.

SUMMER.

Now with the Sun the season doth advance,
 Open its flowers as he illumes the Bull ;
 When he's in Cancer, the gay world is full ;
 Then, art, rout, drawing-room, play, concert, dance,
 Whirl round in giddy maze—voluptuous trance !
 World-constellations, they make Nature null,
 Earth, ocean, sky, as fashion time doth lull,
 With heat glow more, so steeds when warm'd do prance.
 In regions gay where reigns the opulent West,
 You scarce can cross the streets for carriage-wheels ;
 Belgravia and Mayfair may take no rest,
 Save in the morn, for when high noon reveals
 Its flaming brow, then fashion wakes in quest
 Of toys through day ; through night wakes orgy-peals.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

The shades of evening slow and silent fall ;
 Now, forms which almost living seem'd by day,
 As moving forms grow dim, start from each wall,
 A bygone world in pictur'd bright array !
 They live in dimness, whisp'ring seem to say,
 " Than yours our time is longer." Lo ! there stands,
 By Lazarus' grave, the Saviour ; rais'd His hands
 Drop awe, He gazes round, sublime His eye ;
 Weeps Guido's Magdalene repentance-aw'd ;
 Murillo's Trinity o'er-heavens the wall,
 Correggio's " Ecce Homo " mute, bears all
 A world's sin, woe—Madonna wails her Lord ;
 Pure Francia's angels keep o'er dead Christ ward ;
 To Christ for mercy prays, blind, stricken Saul ;—

Yon Niobe all mad with mother's care,
With piteous horror to the sky is weeping ;
On eagle Ganymede through clouds is sweeping ;
Hark ! groans the banish'd Lord in dumb despair ;
The Roman trumpets' sound to arms I hear ;
On throne proud Romulus his state is keeping ;
To Sabine matrons ravishers are leaping ;
Susannah shrinks with maiden's modest fear ;
Bacchus is bounding from his beast-drawn car ;
Fair Ariadne walks beside the sea ;
Those panthers growl, in Rubens' peace and war ;
Dance Poussin's Bacchanals mid vines with glee ;
Claude's Saint Ursula nears a sunny sea ;
Stalks gaunt in Ashdod's plague, a world in awe.

O Painting, Sculpture, Poesy ! right well
Ye're sisters nam'd ; ye are the graces three,
That mould the world of matter. Song, with
spell,
Wakes pictures that we see not, whilst we see
The pictures Painting brings to charm the eye ;
Then, Sculpture's heaving lines combine the twain,
Till won from Heaven a clime of art doth reign ;
A beauty-dream than life more pure, more high.
Alas ! that works of man most grand, most fine,
What he creates, that ranks him godlike, must
Still mock him, still proclaim him fallen, curst,
That what most honours him, and stamps divine,
Scoffs most, when o'er his tomb their glories
shine
Undimm'd, and he no more—inglorious dust.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

To wake one luxury a host must toil,
Ere breath'd this colour'd atmosphere, we feed
Our taste withal, this painted world we heed,
What hours of stern appliance were the spoil !
What fears, hopes, envies, round those still works coil !
Where loud our ways a world doth ever speed,
But there's an indoor labouring world, that need,
Disease, care, disappointment, frequent foil.
How wonderful the art that thus can show
The great in little ; bid the soul take wing
Upon a pencil's point, on canvas bring
Its mighty or its beautiful ! And lo !
Bright flowers of soul in Art's fair garden blow :
What pity one who strives knows failure's sting !

Oh ! gentler are the pangs of jealousy,
Of disappointed love, deferr'd hope,
Than blighted genius' tortures ; such do prey
Not on the heart alone, but mind ; the scope
Of life then narrow'd drearily, we mope
In disappointment's darksome selfish ring :
Where rise the hideous, wild, if fair to sting ;
Life's honeymoon has pass'd, and did elope
The bride we woo'd. Oh then, storm-whelm'd, we
feel
Athirst for death ; as round the world doth reel,
Would fain have o'er us close the rough, rough sea ;
Where as we gaze nought worthy seems to be.
If follows calm of life, 'tis fearful ; round
The waste of waters, with a stagnant bound.

We're, like the level desert, lonely now,
Where Arabs struck their tents, are gone ; and fire
Wanes, glooms earth, heav'n, where red the beams
expire

Sullen, as anger'd, till all chill'd doth grow.
Youth's avalanche o'erwhelms us 'neath its snow ;
We're frozen gall, success but wakes our ire,
Envy hates most what it doth most admire.

Henceforth our souls but rarely genial glow.
We journey, lam'd, where life is barren, wide,
Still bear our gods, if Rachel-wise we hide,
In bonds of fame our soul is driv'n forth, she,
Like Hagar, mourns in lonely wilderness;
'Tis well if voice from Heaven in our distress,
Descends, from stake whereto we're tied, sets free.

Without that freedom we are martyrs all,
All tied to some false stake—vice, wealth, power,
fame ;
Whiche'er the idol, a tormenting flame
Burns inward ; we inflict self-wounds, we call
On Baal, each, save the God-freed, is a thrall,—
All else are palmers of world-heresy,
With offerings at some idol's shrine to pay,
Who worship works they bring forth, prostrate fall,
If unpropitious, proves their easel, lyre,
Whate'er they serve—all's gone. What slaves expire
Unknown in worldly pilgrimage ! Blest few !
Who ne'er a graven image bow down to,
That Nebuchadnezzar-Life sets up. There are
Who fall where rolls their Juggernaut its car.

When once we grasp the vast idea of God,
 And grows th' enlight'ning thought within the
 soul ;
 When His grand attributes are understood,
 The thought expanding fills the sunlit whole,
 Rolls, levelling, over life, as oceans roll
 O'er sands : and all that life presents doth seem
 No more than sands beside Him.—Primest theme !
 Excelsior, gift He may deny or dole.
 And though when effort fails we shall repine,
 Yet loses but one star our mortal sky ;
 And as in night of frost heav'ns brighter shine,
 Shall twinkle more the inner galaxy
 From the cold hour around ; and though dim fly
 The shades, they pass—they may not hide our shrine.

THE VERNON GALLERY.

The painter's is a lovely world : he dwells
 Amid the grand, the beauteous, fam'd. The sky
 With argent, gold, cloud-alps around blue dells,
 Earth's scenes of grandest form or loveliest dye,
 Those glorious deeds where flow'd the chivalry
 And splendour of this world in olden tide ;
 All charms the present owns,—delightful glide
 'Fore his discerning, fond, art-cultur'd eye.
 Beauty and he live shrin'd, true, mutual friends.
 To him a phase refin'd the coarse doth yield,
 The hideous, vile, a burnish'd weapon wield,
 Bright forms arise and greet where'er he wends ;
 A charm'd world, art, nature, fancy lends,
 aste, the Mind's fair-quick'ning sun, reveal'd.

Long as Britannia lives, shall live thy name
Vernon ! Ne'er can thy public spirit die ;
Here hast thou won an immortality,
To rank beside our England's sons of fame ;
When thy great heir thy native land became,
Was rear'd a noble cenotaph to thee :
Thy monument's a picture-gallery ;
Oh ! bright the grave illum'd with Art's rich flame.
As banner-waving tent glows bright thy tomb,
And we explore with loving eye the halls,
Where lives thy spirit on undying walls.
Sure there thy spoils of peace from life's field bloom,
As worthy as where other trophies loom,
Where o'er the warrior-hero banner falls.

No off'ring made her bravest, should impart
Like thine to England gratitude and love ;
May patriot-deed so good, pure rivals move.
Heroes of peace ! with genius' spoils to part.
And thus that Britain owns a school of art,
And great ; to eye of taunting Europe prove,
Until our mighty London boasts her Louvre,
Is something more than wealth's or commerce' mart.
When those tremendous energies that now
Hurl us along to goal with myst'ry fraught,
Shall cease, and come our day of tranquil thought ;
When honour, ease, peace, taste, all mingled glow,
Our Britain, then, art-rival shall be brought
To fam'd Italia, land of Angelo.

Like blue light, waves of Venice dance around
Yon gondolas, with fulgence bathe their prows,
Where Turner basks in more than earthly glows ;
Barking, those spaniels, done by Landseer, bound,—
The brute creation ne'er has artist found
Like him t'interpret their dumb language,—flows
Through his brute-poetry such mind, we lose
The animal, that raised, seems reason-crown'd ;
Were present birds, as Zeuxis' work of old
Yon luscious fruit by Lance would woo the beak ;
Yon "Village Pride," so beautifully weak,
Looks Tennyson's "May-Queen" by easel told ;
In Collins' "Shrimpers," ocean breeze is dol'd ;
Whilst Ward's bay steeds, start, neigh, in prancing
freak.

Glares Tragedy from Siddons' speaking eyes ;
And from John Kemble's solemn melancholy ;
Our truant days in Webster's "Dame's School"
rise,
Whilst Hogarth lures from serpent path unholy,
By satire on the slaves of vice and folly ;
Here waves by Stanfield roll along the wall ;
There cows by Shayer bellow in the stall ;
Whilst Etty's "Youth and Pleasure" makes us jolly ,
Now Hilton's "Harold Found," restores the age
When Englishmen were fain acorns to mess on ;
Macilise's "Hamlet" opes remorse' dread page ;
Ward's "Bubbles" teach fond avarice a lesson ;
Lo ! Danby's sun sets round in crimson rage ;
Too fair, Brigg's "Juliet" has too scant a dress on ;

In Roberts' "Antwerp Church" we smell the incense ;
The eye of "Mrs. Page," by Clint, is charming ;
The scorn of Clarendon, though cloak'd, is intense ;
The battle sketch by Stothard, sooth is warming ;
Benvolio fair Olivia woos alarming ;
Hard, Redgrave's "Country Cousins" seem, though
 silky ;
Gorgeous "The First Ear-ring," by David Wilkie ;
Yon Gainsborough exhales a taste for farming ;
Pure scene, where take the sacrament the Russells !
 Truthful is Wellington at Waterloo ;
Yon "Sancho Panza" wakes risible muscles ;
Sublime the field of Borodino ;—Lo !
By Eastlake, Christ o'er Salem weeps heav'n's tears ;
Lo ! Chatham dies amid Britannia's peers.

THE THAMES TUNNEL.

Down, down, still down, of steps a multitude,
When, lo ! as lit by beams magician shed,
 A vista where day comes not, as it led
To wall of Eblis, shows sub-terrene road,
We wander, Triton-like, beneath a flood ;
 Perchance an Indian fleet rides o'er our head,
 But all around is still as all were dead,
Save where floats strain, as, distant mermaid-woo'd ;
We seem like Jonah in gigantic whale,
 Leviathan might serve for Cyclops' cave ;
 Down in the deep, with round the reigning wave,
And feel, when upper day once more we hail,
As p'haps Ulysses felt, when pass'd he, pale,
 Huge Polypheme, escap'd from cavern'd grave.

THE CORN EXCHANGE.

How much frail man on fellow-man must lean,
 E'en for the poor necessities of life !
 The plough'd-up field, or when with grain all rife,
 It bursts, as wears the landscape mantle green,
 Till golden spreads around the level scene. [weigh'd,
 Still, seas of corn ! or wav'd with wealth down
 As Zephyr smooths fair Ceres' golden braid,
 Some merchants here perchance have never seen.
 Nor yeomen, peasants, of this mart may know,
 Though of their fortunes 'tis the centre, heart ;
 Thus strangers mingled in one whole are part,
 And each to all as all to each much owe ;
 Though selfishness, the current where they start ;
 Down one wide stream our labours mutual flow.

THE COAL EXCHANGE.

Here merchants trade in carbon ; earth-tomb'd wood
 Of th' antediluvian world; perchance vend trees
 Whose boughs were wav'd by earliest infant breeze,
 And as the new-born sun with glory woo'd,
 In the first morn, mid splendour strange, rapt, stood ;
 When clouds were not, and Paradise felt shower,
 Unseen, of fragrant dew lave herb and flower ;—
 May foliage vend, where hung forbidden food ;
 Or where first perch'd melodious Philomel,
 And sung our sire to sleep in Eden-dell ;
 Or tendrils of the shaded roseate bower
 He sought with glowing Eve at nuptual hour ;
 Vend honour'd avenue where hallowing trod,
 In evening's calm, the holy feet of God.

DULWICH COLLEGE.

Wherein are laid our ashes to repose
Gleams there an urn so fair as Charity,
So undecaying, of such purity ?
Not from Cararra-block : here life-blood glows
In place of marble veins. Can masses, vows,
Breathe frankincense so welcome to the sky,
As human gratitude ascending high,
Whence sorrow's wounds fair-shelter'd, softly close ?
Ah ! no. On urn so fair time will not breathe,
No hour its lovely epitaph efface ;
An angel's hand the letters deep did trace ;
Oh ! ne'er the name shall know oblivious death,
Where glistens round an everlasting wreath,—
The laurels planted by eternal grace.

Alas ! that o'er the child last-born of heaven,
Sweet Charity, gross selfishness should fling
Its tainting breath, pollute that crystal spring,
Which gushes from warm hearts, with earthly leaven ;
Should pilfer holy alms so gen'rous given,
By godly hand, a noble offering,
Sacred to poverty, that help would bring,
Where souls, in fainting want, outcast are driven.
Oh ! what a world is this, that e'en the good
Is blighted by its touch, poison'd the blest—
The church, the hospital, by miser's pest
Or rogue's. Vile selfishness ! thy horrid food,
Thou human vampire, is thy brother's blood.
Monster ! ne'er satiated, ne'er at rest.

Here, o'er the sacred urn in Dulwich's groves,
 Bourgeois the garland hung, and wedded art
 To virtue, chaste their pure, benignant loves ;
 Sure things so fair, congenial, ne'er should part ;
 Here breathes Murillo o'er the wintry heart
 Warm gales, as glows the sun of Spain, in eye
 Of flower-girl dark, where ragged luxury
 Enfolds his beggar-boys, nor there a smart.
 More blest than Card'nal Beaufort they, he dies
 The prey of crime, and crime's dread penalties,
 Horrid remorse hangs foaming on his lip,
 As mid its storm he sinks; so sinks a ship
 On fire, whose wreck the yeasty waters hide,
 Yet low it lies there, tost beneath the tide.

LAMBETH PALACE.

A silence, calmness, not of earth, doth reign,
 Where dwell the sons of God ; Oh, here the vain
 Tumultuous world is shut away ; and all
 Is peaceful, blest, as lake at even-fall !
 The cloister lingers round, each mossy wall
 Speaks of retirement, age, the quiet air
 Seclusion breathes, monklike are steps that near,
 And musical the bell as vesper-call.
 The Past revives when on the Now we muse,
 We may not exorcise that mind's recluse,
 It colours all, e'en as the deeds of men
 Will tint their souls when they shall rise again.—
 The city's distant hum mine ear doth greet ;
 What contrast strange this scene to Ludgate Street !

Time was when lucid, royal-flowing Thame,
Own'd palaces like this on either shore,
And though arise their arches, towers, no more,
They once were honour'd piles, the priz'd of fame ;
Like great men they, who died, nor left a name,
Men worth renown, but since their times did war
With their careers and these success ne'er bore,
They lost applause which merits noble aim.
The bellman Fame hence fail'd their knell to ring,
Nor speaks of them, or if, with censure, hate,
Motive is nought to man, for lofty rate
We must succeed, if not, no praise he'll bring ;
To humblest human bosom pride doth cling :
All scorn the low, and all admire the great.

Alas ! not lucid now on-rolls the Thame,
Nor fringes royal, ducal pile the scene,
From whose fair sculptur'd water-gate was seen
The gondola emerge like gliding flame,
right in the sunny eve with knight, page, dame,
Brightest where rose, on terrac'd steps serene,
Whitehall, when Charles and Henrietta Queen,
With gorgeous court on crimson'd waters came.
But ne'er lagune wak'd round more mystic ear,
Wafting to bridge of sighs a guarded freight,
Than Thame where sullen glid the barge of state,
Which captive princess, bishop, statesman bore,
To halt where grim the Tower o'erfrown'd the
shore !
Whose dungeons gave them oft to murd'rous
fate.

Not then a tidal pontine marsh the stream,
But the great city's noblest luxury,
Seem'd there Cisalpine, hale Italy ;
Shall these dull waves once more pellucid beam,
Reflecting palaces that whitely gleam
Along wide, level, grand, far-stretching quay,
Lin'd with green avenues of plantain-tree,
Or is the hope a mirage, patriot's dream ?
Its capital should of a kingdom be
A monument of greatness, there should stand,
Art-rear'd, the pride, the glory of that land ;
In it, as in museum, men should see,
That nation's growth in genius, mark from free
State-point, its cull'd magnificence, fair plann'd.

But Britain in her capital is seen,
Like Stateholder, who rules rich state with skill,
Feels great within, so deems he's greater still
When in the outward—garb, abode—he's mean.
Freedom reigns in our gardens, cities e'en,
Our trees—streets—wander at their own sweet
will,
As Continental states we do not drill
To straight lines these, like armies white and green.
Yet licence is begot ! where ways are wide,
What pleasant sight to mark them grac'd with
trees,
Nature's pavilions, shading fair life's tide ;
Examples from all lands we fain should seize,
We lose when we the beauteous, grand, deride ;
And thus drive wealth away, we scorn to please.

HOLLAND HOUSE.

O Holland House ! A brilliant day thy name
Awakes. What wisdom, wit, power, genius, then
Lit thee, patrician pile, with stars of fame :
 The shade of Addison yet linger'd, when
 Thou, genial Holland, type of Englishmen,
Munificent and jovial, yet refin'd,
Cull'd from all lands fine spirits, and of mind
 The richest banquet serv'd that e'er had been.
A modern school of Athens, blending days
Augustan and heroic, then was thine ;
As beauty, hero, poet, sage, divine,
God's right hand, statesmen ! human destinies,
Who rule crown'd heads—in thee did shine,
Illum'd with matchless intellectual rays.

There, he, thy host in senses more than one,
Beam'd summer ; his was of those hearts tha
 e'er [where
 Seem mellow, ripe, with life's wine swell'n, hung
The world's like southern wall, warm in the sun,
Bright always. There Corinne loquacious shone ;
 Too Talleyrand ; that wit unwise, Voltaire ;
 Fox, Sheridan, sly Metternich was there
The mole-like ; haply Junius, Prester John.
There Rogers, Byron, Reynolds, Lawrence, Moore,—
 Th' illustrious of the age it were to name,
 To sing of chiefs, the highlanders of fame,
The mountaineers of genius, power, lore,
Who sat around thy board ; not his of yore,
 King Arthur's, paladins so grand did claim.

THE FLOWER SHOW.

Say, what were earth without the flowers? Sure
they,

The women of material nature bland,
With velvet lips, fair odour-breathing band,
Proclaim God's goodness, boundless love display;
This globe without their sweet variety
Had borne our race the thankless and the bann'd,
Did not these angels' footsteps print the land,
Waking of paradise the memory.
Of rainbow-hues what tiers, how gorgeous, gay!
What lovely swelling banks of fairy-bloom,
Where kiss carnations, roses breathe perfume,
Where pelargonium, pansies, ericas,
All constellations of the leaf-ray'd stars,
Like lights that flame not, snowy tents illume.

There dwells in every flower a tiny world,
Throngs, fairy-citizens, are pacing now,
These velvet towns; the night is theirs, when curl'd
Their petal walls farewell to Phœbus bow,
And close the leafy gates from midnight foe,
Those elvish freebooters ambush'd by day,
In dells, who, when their bane, the sun's away,
Arise, ten millions on a vapour low.
Then they with noxious ordnance seize the towers—
The calyx-strait of cities of the bowers.
Ambitious, warriors arms and trembling fair,
'Tween marshall'd liliputian files to bear;
But when the sun awakes the rosy dawn,
They flee—the flowers unlid their eyes—'tis morn!

Amid these tribes of Flora's commonwealth,
Roam living English flowers with rival eyes,
Say, where on earth do cluster galaxies
So bright as group'd around inhale here health ?
Sure this is pleasure, not the joy of stealth ;
It bears the day, is free of after sighs,
Better to flutter thus 'neath God's pure skies,
Than waste, in close saloon, of bloom the wealth ;
The music breathes as though it knew the clime
Was free, not tainted playhouse air ; ne'er may
Shine chandelier like yonder sun sublime,
In azure roof; the scene revives that time
When men of Athens—Shakspeare's Globe, did pay
At noon—sat 'neath the sky and saw the play.

PALM-HOUSE, KEW GARDENS.

'Neath plumëd palms, and 'neath banana shades,
We roam, and deem above bend tropic glades.
Around the waist of earth what gorgeous zone
Winds bright ! its clasp all gems of splendour own.
There painted glow the lion, tiger, boa,
Behemoth ; there, 'neath suns unclouded, soar
The humming-bird, the bird of paradise,
The parrot, rivalling the colour'd skies.
There vegetations most luxuriant—
Such now, our heads above, doth graceful slant—
Bless tribes, where man as ever doth confess,
In mind, heart, form, the scenes that round him
press,
E'en here inhaling Orient clime and hues,
We Eastern grow, as we voluptuous muse.

THE BAND, ST. JAMES'S.

Ensign and martial group, gay, chatting stand,
 In old quadrangle, planted banner round,
 Nor absent wife nor sister. Hark ! a sound,
 It swells more near, till enters bold the band,
 Shakes the old towers—now ceases. Hark ! command.
 “Troops form two deep.” Anon the strain doth float,
 So martial, high, that yonder brass-horn’d goat
 Doth frisk, as stroked by Amalthea’s hand.
 From th’ old brick palace’ oriel windows, oft
 Fair eyes are seen to glance where gem the square,
 In central group, Mars’ gallants ; whilst aloft
 Blithe buxom maid delays her labour ; where
 Line stalwart forms the scene, darts merry eye,
 Meets mutual glance,—to toil more light doth fly.

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

Bright glows a glorious day of flowery June,
 The trees that line the Mall are sunny green,
 Like Rome’s arm’d legions shine the Guards between.
 Sev’n times the Horse Guards’ clock has chim’d since
 With heat expectant throngs well nigh do swoon. [noon.
 Rides by a son of Mars ; the Sovereign’s seen ;
 Band, garb’d in gold, strikes up “God save the Queen.”
 A stir—she comes—bows graceful—passes on.
 Bright is the scene when view’d our British fair,
 In carriages that glow bouquets of flowers ;
 So bright their inmates ; now the summer hours,
 With delicate pink, flush necks and shoulders bare,
 Of nymphs who charm the throngs, which ravish’d stare,
 As glide by bright our Howards, Villiers’, Gowers.

ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

What greatness, meanness, wisdom, folly, pride,
Have flow'd through these rich chambers like a river,
Where golden beams in floating glory quiver ;
And vine-clad hills, bright rocks, adorn each side,
In arms, lore, statecraft, here th' illustrious vied,
(And beauty which from these in vain you'd sever),
As bishop, judge, sage, hero, statesman clever,
Surg'd, high world-waves, aristocratic tide.
The feet of royalty all flow before
To lave, to see their sun, to grow yet higher,
Though high they are, the higher they'd adore ;
Of human nature, part is to aspire :
Here kneel to man the proudest. Yet how odd !
Some are too proud to kneel t' omnipotent God.

Ambassadors, the vicegerents of kings,
And heroes of a hundred fights are here,
High admirals, who never yet knew fear—
Men with whose fame our naval Britain rings ;
All mingle with lord mayors, and meaner things.
What, poets ? Oh ! dear, no ; not one is near,
Though melody floats o'er delicious air
That stirs groves, ostrich-plum'd, with scented
wings.
Lo ! diamond bands imprison flowing hair ;
Hark ! rustle robes and trains upheld with care,
Each hung with Flora's gifts, a gay parterre,
As press in throngs, or chat in groups ; the fair
With arms, and shoulders, bosoms, oh ! so bare,
And some are not quite lovely. Ha ! you Bear !

Here Walpole reign'd with bribes in either hand,
 The unbrib'd, bribing monarch of bribe-land :
 Yet was he wise, and steer'd Britannia through
 A time of danger safe, and peaceful too.
 Then follow'd Pelhams, Butes, and Temples, w' t,
 With party rul'd—an oligarchal band !
 Whilst the great Georges roam'd to fatherland,
 And verily were kind and wise to go :
 Their berths were good, that fact full well they knew
 Content to reign they bow'd to others' rule,
 Aware 'twas Britain's will, they knew their cue ;
 Who does, albeit not great, is yet no fool.
 Meanwhile that work of ages—'mid friends, foes—
 The British Constitution loftier rose.

Old pile ! Thy course of history devious ran,
 Thou convent—hospital—palace at last
 Holbein adorn'd, here England's Bluebeard pass'd
 The honeymoon with Boleyn's beauteous Ann ;
 Thou know'st if screen'd a treach'rous warming-pan,
 That hapless child thy doors at night out-cast,
 Doom'd at Saint Germain's—'mid the mountain-
 blast,
 To feel of royal woe the life-long ban.
 Card-playing Anne and Sarah Marlbro', here—
 The Castor and the Pollux of the fair—
 Rul'd Britain, till a cup of tea o'erwhirl'd,
 Upset—renew'd the aspect of the world :
 England chang'd petticoats as Masham rose,
 And gave the kindest treaty to our foes.

THE LION OF THE SEASON.

Our Britain's heroes have their triumphs though,
To meet her mighty men of peace or fray,
No multitudes may throng an Appian way,
Where fetter'd monarchs pac'd dejected, slow,
And spoils of conquer'd nations swell'd the show ;
Yet is the hero, lion of the day,
Observ'd of all,—where, from the great and gay,
In carnival warm welcomes crowded flow ;
For mighty London has her carnival,
Procession throng'd with rout, with ball, with feast,
And there he reigns the pet, the crowning guest ;
His spoils are admiration paid by all :
When past is fashion's hour he knows a fall,
And other Pompey's by new season blest.

HYDE PARK, ROTTEN ROW, &c.

Less num'rous chariots rac'd, and steeds did foam,
When grasp'd the tighten'd rein bold charioteer,
And breeze upheld his backward-flowing hair,
Whilst shook Constantinople's Hippodrome,
As shouted factions of Imperial Rome,
Loud human thunder ; than surround you where
• Huge London's world of fashion takes the air—
Hyde Park the Circus, azure skies the dome.
When, o'er the velvet lawns of Kensington,
Float martial strains—the fair, highborn, are seen
Driving, or reining chargers—when, in sheen
Of glorious July eve, comes forth the *ton*,
What beauty, talent, rank, power, wealth pass on !
Make up, unparalleled on earth, a scene.

SUNDAY IN HYDE PARK.

As Irving deem'd his inn his home, where slow
 Meander waves of Avon, classic stream !
 So here, in shades umbrageous seated, deem
 This park of freedom, where life-billows flow,
 Your own fair realm. Great London's Longchamps, lo !
 All splendours of the loom like Iris gleam,
 Where idle, curious, vain, the world doth dream,
 On chairs 'neath trees, or pacing to and fro.
 Toilette is mighty here ; its votaries, fir'd
 With glorious aim achieve great things, display
 Triumphs of tyrannous dress ; where war the gay
 With arms of taste ; where shine Belindas, 'tired
 By graces flutt'ring round, where love-inspir'd
 The air in rapes of kisses melts away.

SUNSET FROM REGENT STREET.

Appears a crucifixion in the sky :
 Yon setting sun looks holy Jesus dying,
 Red clouds huge clots of blood on His side lying ;
 The still twilight His God-breath'd suff'ring sigh,
 Two lofty clouds seem crosses lifted high,
 Where hang the thieves ; for heaven one is crying,
 Madonna 'neath the cross seems weeping, sighing,
 As paler grows the Christ—dies silently.
 It seems great multitudes throng hill and dale ;
 The very air expectant views the Lord ;
 Centurion gazes rapt in burnish'd mail,
 And as the wanng glory waxes pale,
 Seems to reflect a beam of that bright flood,
 Illum'd to cry, "This is the Son of God!"

The sun is gone, yet gorgeous glows the West,
As though the souls from London pass'd to-day,
Promoted now to clime of heavenly ray,
There fulgent companies assembled rest;
Repose where anchor'd barks of brilliant crest,
Calm wait, in harbour smooth of gold, till day
Cuts purple cable, red sail sets—leaves bay
Hesperian, that bright fleet which bears the blest.
Methinks, around they gazing down, behold
A Seraph, golden ship ascend, huge bright ;
See sails of glory swell ; the prow grand-scroll'd,
The blazing stern, in airy ocean roll'd ;
Then gliding in his wake seek shores of light,
And leave the world behind—sin, pain, woe, night.

THE CEMETERY.

What holy calm reigns o'er God's garden. Lo !
One of those world-wide hearths where ashes lie
Of ages, as the flames within them die,
Which lit with steady or with hectic glow.
O earth ! O mighty urn ! what ashes now
Lie silent on that world-wide hearth, by eye
Of countless mourners watch'd, it seems a tie
Should bind us all, that clime of common woe.
One of those death-curtains which shall surround
The city with a cordon of the dead ;
Here shrubb'd and monumental length doth spread
Cordon, whose solemn strength is hallow'd ground,
Whose silent ordnance, though it yield no sound,
Than cannon conquereth more with sacred dread.

LONDON ILLUMINATED.

The streets are throng'd as when the Israelites
 Left Egypt, and as Memphis glow'd a blaze,
 Illumin'd with their countless torches' rays ;
 So London glows in artificial lights,
 Dimming with art-lit radiance the night's
 Illumination—moon and stars. A haze
 Of floating gold, floods all the crowded ways.
 Saint Paul's, like pyramid, looms o'er all heights.
 But never Memphis, hundred-gated Thebes,
 Beheld such moving throngs, such crowds as pass ;
 Like countless ants they blacken vistas, gas
 Festoons in fire ; I gaze upon the webs
 Of human life, the stream that flows and ebbs
 Frantic with thoughtless joy, and sigh, alas !

THE CLUB.

Units can make a whole gigantic, do
 Deeds emulating kings ; from off'rings mean
 This sumptuous palace we now ravish'd view,
 Adorns with architectural grace the scene ;
 'Tis a voluptuous pile ; the Sultan e'en
 Would scan its rich saloons with soft delight.
 'Tis night. How like a gemm'd Arabian night,
 As from Aladdin's lamp falls round the sheen.
 A golden air, which pales diurnal ray, [still;
 Gleams through each grand saloon, soft, gorgeous,
 Like spirits—solid though—of fairy day,
 The members mutely lounge—seems done the will
 In silence of some power ! 'tis fashion reigns ;
 Lo ! one of her most bright, delicious fanes.

But always still is not the Club as now,
For oft when about town the rumours float,
“ Protectionists or Liberals must go out,”
And Britain’s Constitution’s vitals know,
Those inner tremblings which, with statecraft throë,
Bring forth a new-born ministry, then scout
The members, so and so, to serve or rout ;
Here chat in groups, or, rapt, pace to and fro.
Then, like the Stock Exchange, the Club, when news
Effective on the funds with greed all wait ;
Comes in a member from the shrine of State,
The buzzes cease ; all, swell’d with anxious views,
 Crowd round him where he self-important strews,
The scraps of rumour, eager gulph the bait.

THE OPERA.

Come, when a drawing-room has gemm’d the day,
If thou’dst view galaxies of British dames,
Then here reveal’d by chandelier’s soft flames,
Glow heavens, eye-starr’d, or soft, or brilliantly ;
Heave bosoms—swelling mounts of jewelry—
Soft limbs stir satins, float in muslins light,
Which round them sigh, as when on summer night,
Clouds, lace-like, veil the moon voluptuously.
Arms, faultless form’d and white, shame orient pearls,
Which circle—dim bright globes—those living snows,
Fair bloom o’er-mantling cheeks of English girls,
Do fade with purity or breathing glows,
Wreaths that entwine their flaxen—raven curls ;
Cling, vine-like, clust’ring pink or pallid rose.

What ostrich-plumes like wav'd curl'd light, from brows
 Of heads, small, classic, sweep,—brows fair as they,
 Droop from the diadems' proud jewelry
 Like downy willows fairy foliage bows,
 Nod o'er smooth shoulders of voluptuous flows,
 As o'er small hills soul-swoll'n of ivory ;
 You'd deem all nymphs, queens, empresses, that be,
 Assembled here did pay to beauty vows.
 And is the grand, the brilliant Opera,
 By presence grac'd of England's honour'd Queen,
 The charm is full ; then, as 'mid mimic scene,
 We, warbling notes divine, Lind, Grisi, hear,
 The soul, uprais'd to loftiest sensual sphere,
 Floats in Elysium, pure, refin'd, serene.

Sweet floats the music we seem not to hear,
 Do hear unconsciously ; when rais'd by sound,
 We breathe a more than sensual atmosphere,
 Nor know 'twas melody that wove around,
 The soft, or deep, or lofty spell which bound,
 Till as on pinions we descend again,
 Fall lower, softly lower, as the strain
 Melts under us, till touch'd once more the ground ;
 Then, as in silence close the plumes which bore,
 They echoes leave in laden breast, rich, deep,
 And all emotions lull'd to wakeful sleep,
 Are bath'd in rest that reigns when sound's no more
 The soul is like a late uneven shore,
 That waves have smooth'd with murmur'ring rolling
 sweep.

How breathless reigns the hush ! Oh ! whither fled,
Ye strains, which born of metal, voice, and strings,
Quicken'd the air, as on melodious wings
Ye glided forth ? Methinks somewhat is dead ;
The air late vocal, now untenanted,
Seems of departed sound the sepulchre.
Oh ! where are ye that lately floated there,
Entrancing all our senses music-led ?
Ye're like a host that woke the morn with sound,
Which silent lies on plain where sunset fades,
O'er heaps of dead ; retir'd to silence' glades ;
Hush'd ghosts of melodies, sleep ye around ?
Till wake you voice and strings, then forth to bound,
The same sweet, bodiless, yet speaking shades ?

It is of solemn night the tranquil noon,
But not the night is solemn, tranquil now,
For multitudes outpour, like streamlet flow,
From concert, theatre, from ball, saloon ;
And night the bustling air of day puts on ;
For moments, e'en like one who sudden wakes
From dreamland, stirs, and off some torpor shakes,
Then, still'd again, is bound in slumber soon.
Ladies to carriages are hurrying fast,
The crowd along the pavement hastes or steals,
The stones that slept are wakened by the wheels,
Which rattle by tumultuous, soon are past.
Lo ! lingerers disperse, and now the vast
Metropolis returning silence seals.

As some great singer, ere she warbles lays,
Stands lone, high, self-possess'd, and seems to charm
E'en with her presence to observant calm
The multitudes below which on her gaze ;
So, mid the stars she dims with argent rays,
The round-orb'd moon, as from a stage, looks down
And charms the world—now seems as list'ning
grown,
As when the orchestra a prelude plays.
The minstrels bright of purple skies, fair stars,
Around her and behind, tier topping tier,
Are the harmonious, solemn orchestras
That play the spheral music she doth hear.
The city vast, which silence' robes doth wear,
Seems spell-bound, list'ning to aërial bars.

I love to pace a city when the moon
Rears silv'ry tents in silent street and square,
As if encamp'd a solemn foeman there,
The vanquisher of noise; to pace alone,
Or with a friend who genial tastes doth own,
And muse on much amid the sleeping air
We or could not or would not, when the glare
Of babbling day inquisitorial shone.
When the long lines of houses, veil'd in white,
Look nunlike, rows of forms in prayer rapt deep ;
As brides or queens the public buildings sweep
Far, statue-wise, sculptur'd by Cynthia's light
To lines of beauty, softness ; and dim-bright,
Of day's events all dreaming seem in sleep.

Of some are strange the histories, in some
Strange things are passing now; where thro'
yon panes
The taper burns, it tells of watchings, pains,
Or night-invading labour in that room;
Or, as before the blinds flit shades, of some
Retiring late from scene where pleasure reigns:
A courtezan draws near for wretched gains;
Now flits by Puss late-wander'd from her home.
The steady lamps that equi-distant shine
Look tall, mute guards with helmets beautiful;
Which far receding, narrowing vistas line
Of palace, silent, interminable,
Save for night-prowler empty, or where, full
Of musings, wight may taste indulge as mine.

Sleep we or wake, if past or present, night
Seems dreamlike, scarcely real; as lone I roam,
Methinks reposes death in ways that loom,
Where steeple, statue, column, palace white,
Mass'd as the moon breathes o'er them spectral light,
Look alcoves of some vasty catacomb,
Where lies the city in its nightly tomb,
'Neath skies that meet the parapets' dim height.
There shine th' eternal stars, and second though
To mazy piles where reigns art-rear'd the scene,
Yet since, unlike all round, they lovelier glow
Than when o'er plain or vaulted ocean seen;
Nature presents no rivals where serene
Like angels' eyes they gaze on street below.

HE OF THE COFFEE-STALL.

Now, Morpheus sways the world ; lo ! forth he's come,
Town-Arab dark ! on desert of the night.

Come, tent to pitch whose comfortable light,
Town will'-o-th'-wisp ! lures stragglers from the gloom,
To chat, to warm their hands ; regales he some ;
Not wine Falernian wakes their meek delight,
Albeit a fragrant nectar ; soon as bright
The East, he'll homeward steal, our city gnome.

I said a grateful beverage he vends,
Such sipp'd the great Mogul, sipp'd Tamerlane,
Darius, Artaxerxes ; far it wends,
As far as where Abram on Mamre's plain,
Met angels three ; in caravans where reign
Mahomet's rites, Mecca, Ceylon, it sends.

WATERLOO BRIDGE.

Life's busiest hive now lies like Pitt in death,
Forsa'en in chamber lone. Oh ! what a lull
Reigns o'er the scene—though solemn, beautiful !
The broad and placid river sleeps beneath,
Watch'd by the moon's cold eye ; no faintest breath
Stirs the pale bosom of the night, whose thrill
Of deep repose this builded world doth fill,
Encasing its great life as with a sheath.

What a tremendous engine of brute power,
Of moral might, of intellect, joy, woe,
Slumbers, or weakly purls through the dead hour,
Since the most mighty city earth doth know,
Amazing giant ! with each nerve a tower,
Lies heavy head on Somnus' bosom now.

O Hercules of cities ! Can those deep
Thunders by human storm roll'd through the day,
Those peals—to this deep silence die away ?
London ! now thy great heart is calm, and sleep
Has clos'd thine eyes with leaden mace, we reap
E'en as of one whose features slumb'ring lie,
The truest thought of thy immensity,
Embrace thy whole as from a muse-rear'd steep,
And as from that thought-height enlarg'd we gaze,
Where thou liest calm on silence' heaveless bed ;
Curtain'd with folds of darkness, there is shed
From that immensity a dim amaze,
O'erwhelming the rapt soul with wonder's haze—
A sphynx-like grandeur, solemn, silence-fed.

Before the moon has roll'd a sable cloud,
Of gloom a billow, and where thou didst lie,
Like corpse immeasur'ble, that silver shroud
O'erlay in pallid folds, how placidly !
It seems thou coffin'd art, and gloomily,
Deep, deeper—deeper pil'd the night doth fall ;
As solemn sweeping, shadow-woven pall
Hides thee in reigning darkness from the eye.
As black with woe the stream dun mists doth
wear,
The steady lamps which on each far bridge glow,
Seem tapers burning on thy gloomy bier ;
On shore dark piles look one assembled woe ;
The sky has dimm'd its starry breast with tear,
And mournful sound the midnight winds that blow.

How many wretches now, abandon'd, pace,
Or shrink in corners where is dark the way—
Children of sorrow, want, and infamy ;
The hapless locusts of our varied race,
Who prey on commonwealths, and hide the face
That night doth veil when heaven descends in day,
To secret haunts like jackals steal away.
Steal where ? We shudder e'en in thought to trace
Nam'd from the field where warring armies fell,
O Waterloo ! huge London bridge of sighs ;
If speech was thine, what hist'ries thou couldst
tell,
Of crimes unchronicled, wants, miseries ;
For, from the slumb'ring city, passing bell,
Oft stirs the night, as unknown sinner dies.

Dies lone, unwept, the victim of remorse
Man, woman, love or fortune has betray'd,
Who fail'd, alas ! to look to Heaven for aid,
When woe with terrible o'erwhelming force,
Shatter'd soul, heart, and whisper'd " Your resource
Is death." Hark ! on the lone bridge nears a
tread [afraid
Woe-numb'd, quick, stealthy, where one walks
Lest any see—arrest its fatal course.
It halts, casts rapid furtive glance around,
Fearing detection in the theft of life,
A glance where frenzy, torture, hate, are rife,
With scorn of scenes it leaves, how fatal found !
Oh, for one prayer in that brief dreadful strife,
It might hold back, so lightning-like, that bound

On to the parapet ; that fearful leap,
When from the bridge whose loneliness it sought,
That strange dark figure, with the speed of thought,
Leap'd headlong down with terrible whirl and
sweep,
Striking coigne, buttress, till the river deep,
Broad, black, received it bruis'd ; and seen is
nought
Save floating bonnet, hat, the current caught,
To tell where low that hapless one doth sleep.
Oh, there is anguish, whose intensity
Doth stamp it sacred, though the born of sin,
Which, to describe, seems heartless mockery ;
And many round us bear such, hush'd, within ;
To seek them, them to hope and virtue win,
As foreign mission, might as holy be.

Morn wakes ! I feel her breath that fans, as fair,
From couch of orient clouds, arises she ;
A breath that palely silvers eastern sky,
Spreads cream-like o'er the delicate azure there ;
And, whilst enlarging; seems to soar, as 'twere
The fumes of light, when on the altar-sky,
Kindled, it bursts through darkness. Rapidly
A crescent-whiteness gleams, grows everywhere.
Until you see the slumbers of the streets,
Where lines of houses in the dawn are still.
Lo ! Yonder one policeman saunters, beats
His breast as with the light the air grows chill ;
The steeples, yet in heaven are dun—now grow
To pearl-points, brighten, till as gold they glow.

SUNRISE.

Still, sleeps the city ; still, a sepulchre
 Seems, where lie generations of the past ;
 But now illum'd by ghostly torch, pale, vast ;
 And light seems 'mid the dead sole live thing there.
 List ! From eag'd lark the city's voice you hear,
 Low-waking, small ; now roll of lumb'ring wain,
 That seems to pass through city of the slain,
 Wakes, as it bears to mart the gardens' ware.
 Now early lab'rer leaves his sleeping home
 With pipe and satchel ; waddling milkmaid shakes
 'Tween jingling pails ; pass errand-boys with freaks ;
 Stores ope, maids sweep round rails, throngs grow, mails
 Till London, mighty London, like a drum [come,
 Beating to arms, loud, louder, louder wakes !

COVENT-GARDEN MARKET.

Each flower, each succulent plant so fresh, so hale,
 Narrates me, 'mid the town, its nursery tale,
 Of how'twas rear'd, by whom'twas rear'd, and where,
 Then rural husbandry does straight appear,
 The healthful breathing soils, the sunny hours,
 The dewy morn, rich eve, soft April showers,
 The hearty country-girl with cheeks like roses,
 The deep-lor'd gardener, who, as evening closes,
 Plies watering care, of laughing maiden shy
 Who leans near crystal brook slow babbling by.
 Of herds, calm flocks, white village-church, the green
 Where urchins gambol, cricket-match, is seen.
 The country's here in town, its fresh sweet ware,
 Fragrant of fields, perfumes the smoky air.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

When God we view in all things, earth is bright,
A temple where, 'mid universal light,
Ten million altars as on pavement blaze,
Shed round, to warm the soul, unnumber'd rays,
Or frankincense with grateful sweets to raise ;
The royal palace, ducal castle, grand
Baronial hall, where giant oak-trees stand
Like sylvan portraits of park-ancestries,
The goldlike paths, the em'rald lawns, the flowers
That deck the windows e'en—all, all, are ours ;
Who own them are but creditors, whilst we
Are th' heirs—all is our Father's, all we see ;
Ennobling thought ! It levels, soothes each state,
Doth raise the lowly, and humble the great.

THE HORSE GUARDS.

Hence came the breath that roll'd those clouds along,
Which hung o'er Europe. Wings of Mars immense !
And shielding all, where brooding redly dense,
Bade anarchy grow pale, and tremble wrong ;
Whilst nations gaz'd north-westward, wond'ring long,
That more, still more, came sweeping o'er the sea,
To dim the crimson sun of tyranny
Which blighting kingdoms, burn'd, unthwarted strong ;
Britannia dar'd a world in arms that day ;
Show'd energy unwearied, peerless power.
Briareus-like her arms spread every way,
Till, centred, they o'er Waterloo did tower ;
And breath'd a worried world, as Wellington,
Beat down the eagle of Napoleon.

DOWNING STREET—THE TREASURY.

This dingy pile is like a crippl'd form,
Whose soul is potent as Norwegian storm.

One sentence from its porch come forth, one breath
Has chang'd the destinies of empires—earth :

Has been the fatal mark that seal'd the death
Of myriads, or bid peace august have birth.

O God, what huge responsibility
Is theirs, who move the sinews of a state.

Sure human wisdom scarcely seems to be
Equal to duties, varied, and so great ;

And since to th' issue of events all blind,
It e'er should seek for superhuman might,
Traverse the path such traces—truth and light.

Nor thence e'er swerve for favour of mankind.

A GOVERNMENT OFFICE.

Behold official Sunderbund ! As where

Miasma rising poisons Hooghley's isle,
The plague of Nepotism arising vile,
With fever low of place all tainteth here ;
See ! languor, and incompetency's lair.

Whence duty, cholera-attack'd with bile,
Some vow is cramp'd—collapses—and meanwhile
The State's work sleeps, down-weigh'd with huge night—
Here flourishes the red tape-worm, and slow [mare.

Its lazy, mazy, crazy length drags on ;
The Constitution's vitals preys upon,
Till, like Queen Cleopatra asp-bit, lo !
The nation swoons ; or stands with writhing throe,
Gripp'd, Python-coil'd, a glorious Laocoön !

WHITEHALL.

The spirit of King Charles broods o'er Whitehall ;
Whitehall ! Redhall its name we'd truer say ;
Since it awakes that January day,
When he, ill-fated king, 'mid scoff and snarl,
Of senseless rabble shouting loud—King Saul,
In rapid pace made lorn, his final way,
(Uxorius slave of regal bigotry)
Between where pikemen lin'd the leafless Mall.
The lengthen'd mockery he scorns to heed,
For he's a king, though King Mob doth confine
Him in those chains, the roughest men assign ;
And for his crime, though fall'n, he'll haughty bleed,—
Grave crime in him, in humbler men low deed,—
As should descendant of a royal line.

Fanatic ribaldry grows louder. Hark !
Now, lo ! the king emerges from the park.
A yell receives him, but he, proud, shakes off,
As lion dew, the rude or bitter scoff ;
Unwrinkled still his brow, pale, polish'd, high,
Steady the light of that cold, haughty eye,
Which pity, scorn, and resignation wears ;
Unmov'd those lips, or if, but mov'd in prayers.
How prejudice can cloud the stubborn mind !
Charles Stuart deems he's wrong'd ; forgiving, kind,
Looks down on those he would enslave. Heaven makes
Earth's kings he deems ; and power it gives, it takes.
He scorns to own aught humbler smites him now ;
And hence though firm, is meek ; though proud, is
low.

The office of a king is sacred, and
Whilst he his functions guards with pious care,
His person, too, is sacred, hallow'd, where
'Mid royal attributes he takes his stand ;
E'en justice, wisdom, truth, the noble, grand.
In God his crown doth for his people wear :
When love of power, when flattery would snare,
Still scorns to soil with wrong his sceptred hand.
But when his rank of Heaven bestowed, and born,
He mean profanes, he's then a king no more :
Its spirit chang'd the sacred deed is torn,
The vicegerent of God he's not then, nor
His person sacred—he abused his trust ;
With all mankind may suffer ; 'tis but just.

For kings are not the founts of laws. Oh ! no ;
They are like mountains which, reflecting high
From spheres above them glory, majesty,
Are hung with vapours they condense, till lo !
Down their grand sides in cataracts these flow,
Sweep off encumb'ring soil, all purify.
Cataracts dropp'd from heaven ; so from the sky
Is rain'd on kings the power they bear below.
The sins are clouds upon the blue of heaven,
That e'er had been clear, sunny, save for them.
The laws engender'd storms, whose part is even,
To distil penal drops where they condemn ;
They're the eternal frowning rocks that
stem
Crime-seas, that bid them halt, or back be driven.

Live we secure, we act within their bound ;
In vain, like King Canute, on outer shore
We dare the waves to come that nearing roar ;
For moral realm no mortal sceptre's found :
All act beneath one arching sky ; around
The clouds will fall if wrong the deed, thatch, nor
The gorgeous canopy that bendeth o'er
A throne, may shut forth Justice' eye profound.
None though they sit for human laws too high,
Go free of retribution ; penal clime
Floats in their chambers, soaring wings to lime,
Bids proud ones sink to fraud, to subtlety,
A fatal breach in greatness, still to be
Widened, till falsehood grows to mover prime.

Then true friends fall away, and false ones near
The wretched despot serve with hate and scorn ;
Deceiving and deceived, with many a thorn
Within his crown, he reigns, but reigns in fear.
There's none so abject, doubting, careful, drear,
As he who leans on others solely ; none
So much abus'd, so soon deceived, so lone,
As the poor slave who tottering crown doth wear.
As over Damocles is hung a sword,
O'er him by hair suspent, full sure to fall :
When scrib'd is "Tekel peres" on the wall,
And shook the power he wrongly grasp'd, had stor'd,
Who'll save the sceptre from the foe abhor'd,
Who'd clasp with hand profane ? Go, ask White-
hall.

The mob at the fall'n monarch missiles fling ;
And though the blush of wounded dignity
Mantles his cheek, disturbs somewhat his eye,
Yet licence rude to his firm soul may bring
No quail : he sees a group that dares to cling
Unto the fall'n, dares even to be free,
In the hot-iron age of anarchy :
They who did know the man, and not the king.
Juxon is there ; his master he receives :
Who like a king prepares to meet his fate
With dignity, that one in after-date—
A Louis—rivalld' not. The prelate gives
Sad, holy counsel. Now with sighs relieves
His prince of cloak and “ George”—poor wrecks of
state.

'Mid crowds of Roundheads far and near that stand,
Few Cavaliers—as Puritans their guise,—
Mute, mingle ; nor dare lift their haggard eyes,
By iron presence of prætorian band
Weigh'd down, as by unheard yet felt command
Or poignant shame, rage, sorrow, must disguise,
Do they gaze up where Charles, before he dies,
Around addresses all with action grand.
Lo ! many weep, some rugged hearts, that late
Burn'd with revenge and scorn, now pity own,
As kneels the Stuart by the block—as prone
The king lies headless, but not so the State.
Then rose a sigh, a yell of horror great,
That shook stern Cromwell where he pac'd alone.

Cromwell ! the iron-hearted, iron-soul'd !
 Of those soul-billows that life's rolling mains
 Upheave, as sweep by moral hurricanes,
And shake the times, wast thou ! Such waves uproll'd
O'er the old landmarks dash, and climbing bold,
 Rock states, which toss'd like ships in stormy strains,
 Stor'd policies throw o'erboard, till remains
Of constitutions, wrecks, bestrew the world.
They bounding storm-fraught o'er the quaking earth,
 Simoom-wise tear its map—whose tatters fly ;
 Bid monarchs, statesmen, with obedient sigh,
To re-arrange it, such are oft of worth,
Oft not, but since of nature great in birth,
 Own ever fascinating Majesty.

How oft we'd change the course, how oft would
 stay,
The wheels we set in motion, would destroy,
 Like Frankenstein, the work was form'd in joy ;
But it will die not, crescent acts, will aye
In wild career, how terribly onward, slay
 The things we lov'd the most ; those blasts we bid
 Raise revolutions, which obedient did,
Will heed us not when we the storm would lay.
Wave follows wave more loud, more high, more wide,
 Till we behold our work, appall'd, but soar
 On them we must, 'tis death to falter, for
In the great race doth one ahead bold ride ;
He strikes us down ; the gushing whelming tide
 We did undam, we may ascend no more.

'Twas thus with Cromwell, Brutus, Mirabeau,
 And he who copied all, e'en Bonaparte;
 But such are not their own, they're but a part
 Of human pestilences, which do grow
 From crimes political; hot blasts that blow
 From social fevers, when mind, body, heart,
 Of nations are diseas'd, kings, peoples, thwart
 Each other; ills, bad governments do know.
 When God sends judgments down on evil days,—
 Siloam's towers on good and evil fall,
 They're but His arm, and whirl'd around with all.
 But since self-idols sink in what they raise,
 The huge power-billow ebbs, and prone each lays,
 A Dagon fall'n, in his own temple's hall.

Man must be nurs'd with milk of liberty,
 Be school'd in freedom ere free safely, wise;
 Draught, sudden strong, makes mad societies,
 Which then bid maniac-like most lov'd things die.
 The unfledg'd eaglet, would it wing on high,
 Falls dash'd on rocks, the plumes on which he'll
 rise
 Are slow in growth—so with communities;
 From untried lofty bound they prostrate lie.
 We should reform what had its growth in years,
 But not hurl down the fabric, if of law
 Or rule, or creed, the wind soft-stealing o'er
 Thins the sound grove of wither'd leaves it bears,
 But sweeps the hurricane along, it spares
 Not, deserts then lie round, trees shade no more.

Annihilation's not progression ; know,
If you would bless your country or your kind,
You'll hurl not down, but build from good you find.
Systems are age-deposits garner'd slow,
By generations ; fus'd they solid grow,
Like catacombs of insects, where such bind
From depth to height and breadth, till ocean-shrin'd,
They gather dross as past the billows flow.
But roll'd 'neath coral isle the mountain-wave,
And sapp'd its old foundation under sea,
Its good—albeit not perfect harmony ;
Blendings of long, long years—you could not save ;
Such, with its dregs, would find a billowy grave,
Where o'er the main, a wreck, 'twould sever'd lie.

And now a churlish gloom pervades Whitehall,
The arts no longer find a patron there ;
No more rich Rubens populates each wall,
Nor Vandyke pencils courtly forms or fair ;
For Noll amid his Roundheads apes the bear.
And they've ambition though their heads be shorn,
Would courtiers be, albeit not courtiers born,
Do cringe to him they've raised on buckler, spear ;
Rais'd to an eminence of power, of fame
How perilous to him and them ! To find
He who brook'd not a King must leave behind,
Slaves who when needful were despis'd, with
shame ;
To know a Commonwealth has chains can bind,
For Cromwell is a King except in name.

Lo ! splendour lights the galleries of Whitehall,
 The softest melodies are stealing there ;
 Gay cavaliers, fair ladies, throng the ball,
 Breathe concubines voluptuous scented air ;
 Amid them sits a King, and laughs at care.
 The merry Monarch, that a monarch's fall,
 Leaves happier, wiser, though less good, of all
 Virtues, or public, private, far more bare.
 Wiser in that he bent unto the blast,
 Unkinglike, happier since England knew
 Rebellion's recent wounds. I've mark'd but few
 When rocks a state, and shiver sail and mast,
 Who suffer are the guiltiest, such do
 Precede the storm, or flourish when 'tis past.

Flies on no hour without its reigning scheme,
 For man is ever doing or undoing ;
 Oh ! ever-laden with a fact or dream
 Is life's broad river, and for ever flowing,
 That stream profound where'er our race is
 rowing,
 • Unfathomable stream, whose stilly sides,
 Reveal, as ebb or flow its mystic tides,
 Blown bubbles, as do sands with waves outgoing.
 There, like those wond'rous ruins by the Nile,
 Whose Lybian source is still a mystery,
 Dead empires, tomb'd in ages, awful file !
 Hewn in the rocks of time, state-Karnaks lie ;
 If yawned the buried Past, would meet the eye,
 What downhurl'd pillars of the social pile !

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

Great Britain's senate-house grows vast and grand,
A glory of the age. Stone-forest fair !
Superber than Saint Stephen's, shall it e'er
Know scenes so glorious ? Shall a Hampden stand,
With eye sublime ; brave, uncorrupted, bann'd,
The arm of stubborn tyranny lay bare ?
A Cromwell, parliament assembled, dare
Drive forth, and lock the door with Cæsar-hand ?
Shall senates list a Chatham's eloquence,
So lofty, polished ? Shall this gorgeous roof,
E'er shake with thunders of a Pitt's reproof ?
Melt o'er a Fox in dulcet resonance ?
Thrill, as a Burke's seraphic tones dispense
Sounds o'er the house, as from a heaven aloof ?

Shall sparkle here the wit of Sheridan ?
Or rival factions mingle when they hang
On a rous'd Canning's classical harangue,
And deem Athena's son the air doth fan ?
A Peel admire, the wisdom-breathing man,
Apostle of free-trade ? An Erskine ? Shiel ?
A Grattan ? Satellites which, orbëd, wheel,
Round central suns of parliamentary plan ?
The world with throes upheav'd when such did rise,
If thus again convuls'd their peers 'twill find,
For great events great spirits stir ; there lies
Ever—an embryo in womb of mind—
Great intellect, that needs the destinies
To call it forth, to tower o'er mankind.

As rugged mountains where they swelling rise,
Obstructing, rouse surrounding atmosphere,
And lo ! a tumult waken'd moves the skies ;
As spectral mists float changeful everywhere,
Mists that o'er-robe the rocks with green, else
bare ;
Whilst winds are ever heard, nay, almost seen,
Where thwarted by the crags they roar between ;—
So mighty epochs stir the moral air.
The hurricane of passion then is heard,
And great men like the eagle, royal bird !
Cry 'mid the storm ; thus oratory wakes
High souls, whilst round them as round crags loud
shakes,
The tempest, rise as swells the theme, in power,
Hence great events with greatness fill the hour.

The money-rulers now “on ‘Change” do meet,
'Tis afternoon, the sunny hour of four,
And, now, to Parliament the members pour,
Each on a hostile bench to take his seat,
For Britain's good they'll rare in friendship greet,
For as the prize is yonder, golden ore,
So power, applause, is here the envied store,
For which they combat, not with noble heat.
Patriotism is little thought of here :
It nought imports if Britain faint, nay sink,
Our glorious country near destruction's brink,
So that Lord So-and-so, good man, may steer ;
Thus power divided frequent costs us dear,
Yet better thus, than where its chains close link.

Lo ! nears Macaulay, Hall with smiling face,
Cobden, Rienzi, Coningsby ; pace slow,
Bright, Roebuck, bent with inner musings, lo !
Layard who ancient Nineveh did trace ;
Lord Clarendon in gentlemanly pace,
Here comes Sir Charles Napier, that face you
know ;
O'er his dimm'd glory Baltic billows flow ;
Follows Sir Robert Peel with jaunty grace ;
Now classic Derby, stately galleon
Sails by, a party at his ample side,
Him minnow-fry swim after as a tide,
Lo ! Sydney Herbert, Gladstone, follow on.
Now, with Crimean beard, a younger son
Of an old peer, sweeps by with lordly stride.

See ! Lord John Russell comes, with fortunes low,
The Belisarius of political hour,
Behold the banish'd lord, exil'd from pow'r :
What careful steps, observ'd, applauded, slow,
Are ours to rise ! But make one slip, and lo !
The rock beneath us crumbles, and our dower
Is scorn, the good we did sinks where doth tower
One ill : so with the Russell fares it now.
But shall not always thus : when pass'd away
The man, then the career doth wholly live ;
If dead when living we in death revive ;
Fame's resurrection's then. Lord John ! a ray
Of that illustrious house whose annals play
'Mid England's glories bright, more beams shall
give.

Vienna was the gulf where Curtius leap'd,
 But not to save his country ; in his fall
 See how the popular, disgrace has reap'd ;
 Observe, on earth nought is of evil all ;
 That, faction—statesmen's schoolmaster—is gall
 Which purges governments.—But who comes now ?
 Lo ! Palmerston the ready ! Proteus ! who
 Is up and fights when duty e'er doth call.
 They deem him versatile ; one point is there,
 His country's welfare, whence he'll never swerve :
 All who'd insult or wrong her should beware
 Of her Cerberus—him, her soul, her nerve.
 The world's at bay when Britain's power he wields,
 Then, Europe, cow'ring, lifts her hundred shields.

And now, for Government, my medley song
 I raise ; poor Government ! that's never right,
 The public, our Pope's saw, reverses quite,
 It deems in Government " What is, is wrong,"
 Say not these lines to sycophant belong,
 Who owns them, word, false, partial, would not
 write,
 For all Saint Stephen's plaudits, yet he'd fight,
 On truth and justice' side, for weak or strong.
 Then, here, that much untrue, he doth avow,
 Is daily hurl'd upon the powers that be,
 Which robs the popular cause of sympathy,
 And haply, aid ; when parasites, to grow
 Round public stem, cry " Wolf !" when 'tis not, lo !
 Deceived oft, we're lukewarm when danger's
 nigh.

These are the men who those fair dwellings own,
Which strew our land with palaces ; own tower
Ducal, baronial hall, villa that, lone
On lawn, looks giant pearl in em'rald bower ;
Yet scenes so fair they can resign for power,
Leave the calm realms of elegance and ease,
The song of birds, books, flow'rs, the shades of trees,
For wordy battle at the midnight hour.
And thus 'tis well, for change is still the sauce
Which relish yields to each o'er-laden taste ;
Enjoyment preys on its own sweets, doth waste
Without variety ; of good a source,
Since affluence to action it will force,
Which from a want this senate seeks with haste.

How small a part of man is wealth ! Men laud
Not what he has, but what himself may be ;
How could I know that yonder biped we
Behold, of mansions, acres, funds, was lord ?
Parks, where 'tween swelling banks, smooth streams of
sward,
Round isle-like clump seem flowing, or lone tree,
Till lost in turf-wav'd, ever-placid sea,
Was huckster, merchant, duke, nay king ador'd ?
The age is past when station made the man,
When outer things—our frame—made up our state,
Such now are dimm'd from crescent light, men rate
The portrait, deem it, as our deeds they scan,
Bright—dull; though fortune still shall gem the
van.
Yet to be great must man himself be great.

The monarch e'en must now lay by the robes
Which, like a moat around him, once did roll,
Guarding his dignity; for th' age, it probes;
Tearing off lendings, down to heart, to soul;
Hence all men love to yield a labour-dole,
In common treasury a mite to throw,
To be in streams which make the world to go,
A jet, a labourer in the busy whole.
To be a part, and not that part to act,
No fortune's shade, but felt a working fact;
No owner simply, but a royal man,
Fair chronicled amid the human clan;
Hence fill the rich, the titled, toiling place,
Deem idleness ignoble, chief disgrace.

Nor find men happiness in rank alone;
Life's wine it is, its bread it may not be.
Our lady-monarch leaves the velvet throne,
Loves, from the gorgeous purlieus of display,—
That armour-like, that stiff monotony,
Life's heavy gilding found to tarnish soon,—
Loves to escape from there e'en as a boon,
And to herself, heart, mind, to glide away.
Yes, though of royal, high prerogative,
And constitutional, she'll no tittle waive,
Nor shrink from one small duty that should live,
But all performs, firm, graceful, mildly
brave,
Yet she from greatness loves to bend, to be,
A woman, queen of her bright family.

Delights to sit where beams palladian hearth,
To lay aside the crown, and yet to wear,
In that pure clime of homefelt virtue, worth,
The brightest mortal may, secluded, there ;
Crown wrought in gold of goodness ever fair :
To sit 'mid halo mild yet great—because
Patterns in th' eminent are more than laws—
On virtue's throne, which none to shake shall
dare.

And hers the beauteous crown that humblest brow,
If with the Lord's true oil anointed, may
Be circled with, albeit it rest too low
To shed o'er all a state benignant ray.
Oh ! hers the throne, that throne which all may know,
'Tis worth, true human nature's royalty.

The rais'd 'mid men—not o'er them—good and wise
Heed station as ensample, for their place
Is noted through the land, so flowers trace
The pathway of the Sun ; sheds he hale skies
Lo ! earth blooms, bounteous fruits and harvests
rise ;
But screen him vapours foul, then Nature's face
Shows sympathy, and thus mankind embrace
The manners, morals too, of dignities.
The lofty borne, from their much envied height
Into the shades of life descend no more ;
For greatness owns a halo men explore,
Which e'er displays the eminent in light,
Such must present their character as bright,
Or dark, amid the sheen that tries it sore.

Unrivall'd Forum of the modern Rome ;
First of tribunals. Grand arena, where
Of speech the gladiators shake the air.
Whose echoes round the list'ning world do roam ;
Of Government unfetter'd, only home !
What lofty moment when the public care,
With patriot's spirit warms the soul we bear,
To stand upon thy floor, there nobly foam.
Whilst list'ning senates own our gen'rous glow,
Sit hush'd, or thunder their applause, as whirl'd
Opinion by the eloquence we hurl'd.
What themes to raise such flights our times bestow !
With such Demosthenes, or Cicero,
By booming rhetoric, had shook the world.

Most ancient of the senates, and most grand,
Where argument of yore did hold a leet,
Of liberty of speech, thou last retreat ;
That hunted by all nations as by band
Of leaguëd wolves, sought panting, hurt, our land.
There, as the dove, when rest found not her
feet,
Finds freedom's ark, bold dares, with noble heat,
Her foes to come, and soil fair Freedom's strand.
Great England ! thou of glorious liberty
Sole haven art ; at bay she dwelleth here
Like a bold stag, on rocks 'mid waters, where
The dastard pack surround, all in full cry,
And grand her voice sounds far to other sphere ;
Brings o'er th' Atlantic waves an echo high.

An echo in our English tongue ; alone
In that bold language Freedom now may speak ;
Oh ! ne'er may sever statecraft, paltry freak,
The nations who its worldwide glories own,
They, hope forlorn of liberty, one bone,
One spirit, from each might much endure, ere break
The sacred ties of kin, so bleeding wake
To their disasters, wak'd by kindred groan.
America, Great Britain, progress calls !
Let not the nations triumph o'er your wars,
As brothers, yield, when vex you household
jars,
No friends we own beyond our mutual walls ;
A house against itself divided falls,
Then, grip in friendship, Union Jack, and Stars !

Thou art like him who stole the fire from heaven,
Britannia ! on thy rock amid the sea,
Promethean-land ! Thy fire is liberty.
Heaven's delegate thou seem'st, to thee is given
To free the world, to bid all chains be riven ;
But tyranny, like Rhea's son, would thee
Enslave ; the world would not that thou be
free,
To suicidal ire by envy driven.
The continents, like vultures, wound thee, mock ;
The oceans bind thee with their watery chains,
But thou dost burst them with Titanic strains,
And, spectacle to worlds upon thy rock,
Art still above them all ; thy power reigns
Ubiquitous, nor fears the leagu'd world's shock.

O glorious Britain ! Freedom's classic land,
 Couldst thou be not, it were indeed a night ;
 Where would the mind pursue unfetter'd flight,
 If chained, thy potent, thy protecting hand ?
 Shield of the world ! That world were doubly
 bann'd

Wert thou no more ; let it uphold thy might,
 Not wound ; lest tyranny on thy fair height,
 And grim oppression, foelless, rampant stand ;
 Lest when, oh, world, thy victim—envy, hate
 Laid low—in ruin'd England round doth lie,
 Thou know'st remorse : in dungeon mourn'st too
 late

Her death, the death of greatness, liberty,—
 No thorn as deem'st thou in thy side, is she,
 Far more thy moon o'ersilvering nightlike state.

When Britain deed performs of noble aim,
 Gives peoples to the world, gives lands unknown,
 Still length'ning more civilization's zone,
 Or swells in science or in art her fame,
 Or adds to literature one other name,
 One other leaf of the world's book writes on,
 Writes her immortal title,—then I own
 The patriot's glow, I feel its loftiest flame.
 Such things than power or wealth be nobler far,
 They're jewels safely stor'd in treasury
 Of the immortal, spirit-hoardings they,
 No foe may pilfer, nor misfortune mar,
 Fame-capital, mind-wealth, for aye, at par ;
 To time a nation's noblest legacy.

WESTMINSTER HALL.

Grand hall of Rufus ! Lair of lion-king,
Thy glorious roof, when monarchs feasted here,
How oft has rung with boist'rous revelling,
As barb'rous pageantry met eye and ear !
When herald-trumpet shook the shield and spear,
And England's champion to the clarion's ding,
On prancing steed, rode proud 'mid martial ring.
Where groan'd rude boards up-pil'd with Gothic
cheer ;
The baron huge of beef, the wild-boar's head ;
Whilst rushes strew'd the floor, and torches' ray,
Like sunlight dim, lit page, lit lady gay,
Abbot, bold baron, knight, as mail'd they fed,—
Lit king and queen, where heraldry o'erspread,
When bard, aloof, breath'd war's high minstrelsy.

Britannia's intellect illum'd thy walls,
What time as though to dazzling focus drawn,
Thee fair and noble phalanx did adorn,
When Whig and Tory ceas'd their wordy brawls,
As Warren Hastings from the herald's calls,
Stood culprit here, and listen'd throngs from morn
Till eve, whilst eloquence as orient-born,
Resounded through these crowded, mighty halls.
Then as 'mid robe and wig, sword, plume, and fan,
The rhetoric like picture-breath arose,
Pleading for Oude's princess, her wrongs and woes,
It seem'd where Thame late roll'd the Ganges ran ;
Palmettos rose, Pagodas, dusk Hindoos,
The gorgeous landscape, clime of Hindostan.

QUEEN'S BENCH.

If came wild Caffre-throng, or Esquimaux,
 Through a still city to this justice hall ;
 They'd haply deem those judges what the Gaul
 Deem'd Roman senators, e'en gods ; with awe,
 As when these strok'd their beards, would stand, adore ;
 One feels half drawn to stroke their wigs, that fall,
 Mane-like adown their flowing robes, where all,
 Her oracles, seem deities of law.
 Thus seated, were they chisell'd slow by time ?
 Do they descend from yonder solemn shrine ?
 Is't possible they ever laugh or dine ?
 Oh, yes ! for where Gog, Magog, stand sublime,
 Unbent I've seen them in convivial clime,
 Then, smiling judges—of my Lord Mayor's wine.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

A glorious nation's cenotaph thou art,
 Sacred Pantheon ! Pile, illustrious, grand,
 Widespread, thy spirit hovers o'er the land,
 To sleep in thee can fire the hero's heart,
 To poet's soul a brighter flame impart,
 Bid patriot make unflinching, noble stand ;
 Of great ones what a host, immortal band !
 When thou art nam'd, arise, to being start.
 They deck thee e'en like heaven with cloudless stars ;
 Concrete-soul'd men whose lum'rous tract of glory,
 Traces in glowing type great England's story ;
 Thy stones of Fame's bright temple e'en are spars ;
 Sure 'tis a hope, worth flesh, or spirit-scars ;
 To be remember'd when our land is hoary.

No human form is near, there breathes no sound,
As through thine aisles the shades of evening steal ;
Methinks the light between them doth reveal
The pass'd illustrious dead that sleep around,
And wake in spirit now. Oh ! halt, spell-bound.

See ! potentates of mind with genius' seal
Arise, grand ghosts ! Ah ! I could well-nigh kneel,
In earth-religion, on this hallow'd ground.
They rise, our mortal chiefs, earth's angels, such
Grand forms gave Rafaelle to temples. Lo !
Fame, genius, plant the bays on many a brow,
As slow they wing along the silent church ;
The wreaths annihilation may not touch,
For when shall Time not Milton, Shakspeare know.

What mighty kings and queens, what barons bold,
Statesmen, and heroes conquer'd but by death,
With sceptre, weapon dropp'd, still'd eloquent
breath,
Here lie with rival beauties charmless, cold ;
Some, had they deem'd one tomb would all enfold,
Had plung'd in unknown seas. Oh ! how they
sheathe,
All spite, all emulation, where beneath
These stones they sleep, though honour'd, yet but mould.
What monuments are here, their sum how vast !
What forms recumbent lie, with feet on hound
Rivals no more, Elizabeth is found
By Mary ; York near Lancaster is cast ;
Whig sleeps near Tory, little wrangles past,
The pile of greatness, weakness, is a mound.

Who would not have his nation's heart for grave ?
His wide-writ epitaph the big world's laud ;
Its grief, libation on his memory pour'd,
His monument to stand in fame's long nave ?
Albeit, few gain that glory most do crave,
Yet all may heroes be ; all who good-stor'd,
Be it unknown, with woe or evil warr'd,
Have rank where fall the worthiest, truest brave.
And such must be the fate unknown of most,
For virtue ever loves to veil her charms ;
She, timid and unseen, distils her balms ;
Whilst vice of her achievements oft will boast ;
Those who no chief but God deign own, 'mid
calms
Good's richest cargoes land on silence' coast.

O thirst of glory ! noble, lofty feeling,
When panting we seek Fame's bright, hopeful
shrine ;
The soul is in aspiring breast revealing,
Its deathless nature and its source divine ;
Then gems the future wears, illume, refine,
The soul, the heart, e'en free from sloth—their dross,
With proud contempt of uselessness engross,
As rous'd, we strive with gen'rous zeal to shine.
O Fame ! foretaste of other nobler state,
Ah ! fleeting shade of immortality !
For which deign'd God in us a thirst create,
Which thirst has dwindled to desire for thee ;
Yet Fame, if idol thou, ne'er bends the knee,
To vanity so worthy man, high, great.

All greatness much resembles mountain peak,
 We, o'er the wide, sun-gilded ocean, see ;
 Though far, seems near, the lofty point we seek,
 And, albeit rough waves roll in the mid sea,
 Where we put off seems bright serenity :
 At first we gaily pull, then hard ; but slow
 Way make, till, toss'd, whirl'd round, we tire,
 and lo !

The goal's near'd not, but from us seems to flee.
 We're not in the right current, so the oar,
 Through a long life, may pull, yet die before
 Our good be gain'd ; but, if well steer'd, a reach
 We double, p'haps, when sudden, lo ! the beach !
 We're haven'd in the long-sought genial sound,
 With azure glass, and sparkling rocks around.

Alas ! how narrow seems my paltry sphere,
 I pant for action ; question why I'm here,
 So useless seems my life to crawl along ;
 Wherefore that dull, that mocking life prolong ?
 Life which must end as weak discordant song,
 Whose sounds, ere well it falls, from memory,
 Pass noiseless off, in trembling cadence die,
 And all forget such liv'd with them among.
 Repine no more ; the grass, if waving low,
 By Him who rounds the orbs was bid to grow.
 It seems a useless mite, unworthy care,
 He deems not so who made and plac'd it there ;
 Nothing is vain ; there needs to form the whole,
 Yon blade ; then how much more a human soul ?

And since you deem is yours that heaven-born thing,

 Oh ! never say you live nor know an aim ;

That life no satisfaction e'er doth bring.

 What if you bootless sigh for glance of fame,

 Are ever loser in the world's great game ;

What if the smile of beauty charm not thee,

Nor thine fair olden tower, ancestral tree ;

 Thou'rt peer to aught, with that celestial flame.

Say not that life is dull, is aimless, for

To gain that soul a rest, 'twere well to war.

 Never can hope's all-cheering embers die,

 Since shines, in van of time, eternity.

No ! life's not vain. It is a boon to live,

For birth an immortality doth give.

On Albion's Isle, to temple, Muses-rear'd,

 How warm has glow'd my soul one stone to add,

 That long'd-for chance had bid flow onward, glad,

Life's sluggish, turbid stream. Ah ! it had clear'd

Dull clouds which 'twixt my youth and joy have

 veer'd,

As mountain-mists before the sunbeams fly ;

 Then glimpse of heaven had open'd to my eye

The promis'd land, to where I hopeful steer'd.

 Success, O soul-inspiring voice ! Like blast

 Of trump, thou bidd'st us shame what charm'd the

 past.

But where may I save through the Muse thee court,

I, who seem dead i' the world, in world of thought

 Alone have life ? And there must live and die,

With crownéd effort, or ingloriously.

But though I sing unheard I'll not repine,
For song has been life's music unto me ;
Breathing the golden air of melody,
I dwelt in a contented, lofty shrine ;
And though career more worthy had been mine
Perchance, if I had shunn'd fair poesy,
Yet let me also deem more guiltily
I'd haply liv'd, had woo'd I not the Nine.
Thus though but to myself I've sung, not vain
I'll deem it, and though hope to please my kind,
Or teach, may prove a mirage of the mind,
Yet since it charm'd the desert, sooth'd much pain,
I'll hold my humble rhymes as things of gain,
Albeit I mourn their influence confin'd.

Can greatness be achiev'd ? Can effort, worth,
Upheave the varied loads that weigh men down,
E'en pierce our native soil ? Or is its son,
Nature's elect, illustrious stamp'd at birth ?
Does genius, fortune, winging round the earth,
Life's heroes choose in song, art, arms, whilst
those
The living coal from their high altar, glows
Not on, are doom'd to find success a dearth ?
Of intellect 'tis surely so, but not
Of heart ; that shall be rais'd if thus we will,
The humblest, dullest breast God's love can fill,
And then we have with loftiest ones our lot ;
Then, in bright prospect, hold, in palace, cot,
Heaven's hope, reversion grand ! and crescent
still.

THE STATESMEN'S TRANSEPT.

We leave the once-bold warrior's silent tomb,
To muse where of the brain dead warriors lie
(Their swords, state-piercing, are diplomacy),
How still the tongues that spoke the nations' doom !
Not impotent, for like a breath they come,
Breath'd from the deathless past, and subtly sway,
More than we deem results which know our day,
Where dim through modern policies they loom.
Not only writers leave their books behind,
Printed in floating type is all we do ;
Life's fadeless leaves with fibres rare are lin'd,
Relations sibylline we dimly know,—
Through all the ages spun by time, do wind,
There, dark, we learn, as children language do.

The world is our mute library, and men
The books we read ; some, volumes of their age,
Are ever open, marvellous their rage
Of action, overwhelming you, as when
You gaze on Niagara, and their din,
The ear of all the world gains ; others wage
The war of thought, and these are as a page
You careful mark for reference again.
Such longest live, with ages slow expire,
Albeit they did not breathe the living fire
Of those, who as by halo self dispense,
Force all round to inhale their confidence,
Keystone of greatness that, which can infuse
Part of our soul to others whom we'd use.

In vanward men as on a stage we see,
Th' epitome, the drama of their day,
Events that mov'd their souls, or they mov'd,
play

Round them—age-centres—as their scenery ;
Life's lights and shadows which for ever flee,
They do arrest, these hanging round them, are
Embodyed, shown where each, as human star,
Their times the orbit, great men shine on high ;
Arenas they where all events do meet.

They sit unto their age, which passing o'er
In life-tints stamps on them its portrait, for
All factions breathe contemporary heat,
Round where reflecting epochs they're enroll'd
In tome, which whene'er op'd, is new, though old.

Minds, meteor-like, are such ; they living blaze,
Expire in odour of explosive fame ;
Life's pillars they, not dome, vast pow'r their
aim,

Whose death is as a sunset in their days ;
Their mountain-deeds the great world's indices,
Show prominent, when we are gazing back,
Rise, periods in existence' almanack,
Round where of the wide past a bubble plays.

When nations sink in the age-billows, fall
They, manarks of their times as 'twere survive,
Float o'er the slow or sudden storm, bear all
Or much that own'd the wreck of worth to live,
Yield relics of their times, a world-wide store,
To stand like Pharos, lighting history's shore.

They are the standard-bearers of their age,
 Round them the thickest of the fight doth rage :
 Where they appear are nations' colours fann'd,
 And at their fall success oft changes hand,
 They are those mountain-chains of mind that
 stand

Belting all history ; rocks of ages, they
 Peer o'er the floods that ever ebb, shed ray
 Round time, a circlet bright, like Saturn's band.
 Some are behind their epoch, hold it back,
 When panting, straining forward, progress' air
 It, steed-like, scents ; some, like a charioteer,
 Their era urge, give free the reins, thong thwack,
 Bound from the car of state, mount steeds, shout "Fly,"
 The leader's forelock seize, ride towering high.

When one far-seeing light before his age
 Steps from the ranks with more than Hector's
 stride,
 Fair in bright mail, and cool in that good pride
 Soul-chivalry bestows ; with righteous rage
 Flings on the hostile plains his gauntlet-gage,
 The dragon dares,—as dar'd St. George for bride,—
 For loftier prize than princess, wrong doth bide ;
 With darkness, for his country war doth wage.
 Are such, when plunging deep in hostile host,
 Pointing ahead and shouting " Follow on,"
 Outnumber'd, fighting, slain at glorious post,
 Though vanquish'd by their age, they are not lost ;
 Still motto'd " Forward," high their banners borne,
 Their spirit waves it though their arm be gone.

Alluvial soil of soul are such, that Time
Deposits, flowing still, beside her stream,
Soil pregnant with great seeds that shall sublime
In hour more genial, rise, with fruitage teem ;
Shall, as the world shakes off each fatal dream,
Rise on the once bare Lethe-shores, life-trees ;
Yet yield art, science, commerce, liberties ;
For come from God, immortal's every beam.
Thy pioneers, civilization ; grand
Soul-ploughs, they break the heavy mortal soil,
Their minds, like steam, move states as they
expand,
Their souls are engines, where for ever boil
Great energies ; the wheels of progress they,
Whose wide-orb'd whirr is heard by future day.

As in these later hours, when God, as though
He wearied that the world progress'd so slow,
Unveils hid elements, new energies
Infuses, wafting t'wards eternal seas ;
Then such, elect, those oars of nature seize,
They sound Discovery's triumphant march,
Lead where Civilization spreads her arch,
With rainbow spans the clouds, and darkness
flees.

The ages, like Elijah, disappear
On the time-mountains, buried not are they ;
Each drops its mantle, whose embroidery
It wrought, and its Elisha, lo ! doth wear.
Thus the world's magazines of knowledge, year
By year more stor'd, still pile towards the sky.

We little know of life's great heroes, their
World-deeds, the pinions on fame's car, we may;
But countless others which make up the day,
The rank and file exploits, outblaz'd appear;
Yet such, that like camp follow'rs in the rear,
Throng life's brief march, are more the man than
they.

His vanward deeds, which drill'd, arm'd for display,
Tilted for queen, fame's prize in public glare.

If known they're like those tomes we once may read
Then place on library shelf, nor con again;
Or articles of faith, for in each creed
We much believe that lies within us dead.

Few are those truths which o'er existence reign
To influence the soul—its daily bread.

The private good we lose and miss not, for
Their families are their worlds; it is not so
With great men, when they die mankind doth
know

A loss, earth owns a void when they're no more,
For all the world's their family; the oar
They dropp'd will stay the vessel p'haps, nay, stow;
With them, the pile they rear'd oft crumbles low,
Yet o'er the fallen fabric long they soar.
They're mind-deposits, in strata of time.

Soul-moss, on ruin'd states they verdant lie;
Priz'd heir-looms of the world's great family:
Portraits of human ancestry sublime,
Which mankind hang in that high tower, where chime
The bells of fame, loud peal eternally.

In the museum of ages such we keep,
Relics, more lasting swath'd than Serapis ;
Embalm'd, in cerecloth mem'ry yields, they sleep,
Nay, live, with us ; on them that Nemesis
Of time, decay, shall ne'er imprint a kiss ;
Kings of all generations, than the kings,
Who deem'd them subjects, mightier, their power
wings
Soul-sceptred o'er our planet periodless ;
The clouds of ignorance or tyranny
They struck, then, lo ! the lightning flashes woke,
And when those blinding clouds confess'd the stroke,
Back, thund'ring roll'd, the hero of that day
Stood in the light he brought—the opening sky ;
And darkness never more his form may cloak.

What armies of life's generals sleep around !
Time's zodiac, they strew with stars its path ;
When one is born, life one more jewel hath,
Another star upon its heaven is found ;
We're great but by relation ; shine, astound,
Where much is dim or little ; Sol away,
Orbs charm the night, with splendour rule ; but
day
Bedims the jewels which the darkness crown'd.
When o'er the world shall vault the nightless skies,
Man-pinnacles shall lofty glow no more,
When sciences, which now roll planet-wise,
Dim lit, round sun of truth, from general lore
Shall fade in fulgence, none will shine or soar ;
Who may where universal beams arise ?

The gorgeous pile for king or noble plann'd,
 Or palace of the church—such here you see,
 Are gouty footprints of old luxury,
 Who passing through an age with grasping hand,
 Levies its wealth and taste ; as pasha grand
 To hoard bids province pac'd extortions pay,
 Wealth centred ever proves wide poverty ;
 Wealth flows if hale, like harvests gilds a land.
 And so of greatness if or lore or power ;
 When peoples to the one do knee the ground,
 When hero-worship in an age is found,
 That is a wrong'd, or weak, or shaded hour ;
 Though magnitude will cast its shadow round,
 Low are the vales as deep those shadows lour.

When heaven-promoted, we'll know loftier state,
 View scenes far grander round, view beings far
 More glorious than our race, or mundane star ;
 Shall not the thought of those we then deem'd
 great,
 Magnates of yesterdays, who seem'd their fate
 To wield,—incarnate glories ! 'fore whose car
 The world doth pass review'd in peace or war,
 'Mid such development a smile create ?
 Yet how delightful, welcome it will be
 If on the world we left we back shall gaze,
 View scenes we lov'd, say, every century,
 Thus mark how they have chang'd since those far
 days,
 When them we knew ; thus earthly thought o'ersways,
 We hoping higher life this life would see.

Forests of pillars, here as copses stood,
In lines shed awful glooms ; huge trunks are bound,
With statues fair, which like pale underwood
Sculptur'd, tangled where group'd, strews hallow'd
ground
With genius' flowers. What solemn groves are round !
Groves that ne'er fade, or if, in centuries slow ;
Nor bud, save when like open'd lily, lo !
By modern statue pedestal is crown'd.
Thus then, when man is ta'en from world of deed,
He is advanc'd in silent world of Art ;
To that great brotherhood whose lives impart,
Soarings though past ; whose monuments do feed
Our souls, as rapt we gaze, until we start,
As though we saw a banner,—burn to lead.

Many great men right worthy of renown,
Sleep not beneath a monument ; and see
What labour'd marble worthless ones here own,
Thus fortune would bribe immortality.
But bought applause with shouts it rais'd doth die,
As worthless plays live not when cheers are bought.
Of what avail are monuments ? Sure neught
Save to upraise the sculptor's fame more high;
Great men them need not, their own sculptors, such
Their cenotaphs before they die upraise ;
When Time their statues crumbles with its touch,
They whole are still, for true worth ne'er decays ;
Nay, length'ning spreads as light when grow the
days,
Illuming more the world's nocturnal couch.

But, worth away, in vain we statues raise,
For cold are marble's lips to speak our praise ;
And have we none more warm, its frigid laud
Is but a show that mocks, a sumptuous fraud ;
This soon the world perceives, and we're ignor'd ;
And does a wand'rer linger near our tomb,
'Tis not to spell our name of Lethe-doom,
The chisel's spell awakes admiring chord.
So Arab, haply rests where palm-trees wave,
He deem'd they shaded well in desert bare,
So came afar, and though no waters lave,
The welcome shade and beauty woos him there ;
But unappeas'd anon he wends away ;
And unrefresh'd how soon the palms decay !

Haply he pluck'd a leaf as there he sate,
As some break fingers here, and mutilate,
The noble works of Art. Say, does this prove,
Mere wanton mood, or false, but yet a love
Of Art in such, when longing to possess
Relic of rare, bewitching loveliness,
They mar the perfect and entrancing whole,
To wake in polish'd mind regretful dole ?
Such love is like that love of country, when
For one compatriot's wrongs we'd wake grim
war,
Which rous'd like work of Frankenstein, again
We cannot lay, perchance 'twill shake our shore,
Thus peace we mar, for one wrong do a score,
Become from erring love our country's bane.

THE POETS' CORNER.

'Twould seem the world delights to lose its great,
Since with regrets it crowns the memory
Of those it kept—nay starv'd—in penury;
Gives to the tomb, with gen'rous pompous state,
The cold still bard it slighted, spurn'd how late.
Hangs o'er death's silent porch it shut with zeal,
Garlands; rears costly urn o'er him, who'll feel
No more. Nay, from his death may era date.

The world that slew, the mourner doth become,
What did shut forth will open for a grave;
Throughout earth's breadth the cypress waves its
gloom,
Though not in life it stretch'd one bough to save,
O'er what was taunted, loud applauses chime;
That hail him seraph in the heav'n of time.

The world that was his death his life becomes;
Though when alive men rank'd him with the dead,
Yet when he dies he bursts forth from the tombs,
As Lazarus from earth uplifts his head,
Sun of immortal days is on him shed
He lives, and sways; as e'er his spirit looms;
Whilst those who dubb'd him fool, as justice dooms,
Sleep with the vulgar in death's common bed.
Then from the world-wide pulpit of the Press,
'Tis his with voice unfalt'ring to address
Ages; to feed the flame of poesy,
Which like the glory Jesus' head around,
Has o'er this life's gross features shed a ray.
A halo breath'd in atmosphere of sound.

Could I ascend the steps of selfish power,
I'd turn from th' icy steep, its loftiest prize ;
But poet ne'er than mine more longing eyes,
Uprais'd to fame in frenzy's glowing hour ;
To court her glance, to be enroll'd where tower
Britannia's peerless bards, in music-skies.
Not theirs the strength that fades, as on it flies,
Stirr'd, Time's air freshens such as with a shower.
Their fames are not the prey of history,
For breath of prejudice to whirl about ;
With wordy war to cloud in mystery,
Till that we e'er did live men raise a doubt,
For more than Stentor voices theirs, which shout,
“Although our country's dead, we never die.”

Who makes himself, or what he has, his god,
Adores a frail, a short-lived deity ;
A portion of the universal good,
A godlike beam from selfishness all free,
Must glow that power, that fame, which shall not
die.
Then, of the book of man it is a verse,
And times must speak of it when they rehearse
That volume, hence 'twill live till time shall flee.
Unknown the might of that good legacy,
Who wrote for truth and virtue leave behind ;
Like to the widow's cruse it doth supply
The more you take ; their sceptre of the mind
Spreads with the civiliz'd, none doubt they liv'd,
Whose words the lips that breath'd them have
surviv'd.

Rare, genius of the day finds meet applause ;
When falls its urn, the poor frail mortal !—cause
 Of envy, hate; when he can hear no more,
Fame trumpets forth his praises loud and high,
 Gives what man's selfishness gives not before,
Or if, but graceless, but reluctantly.

When pass'd the battle, call'd the muster-roll,
And we're no more, we glorious died 'tis found ;
Circling our brows then amaranths are bound.

Dead, stars we wear, are scrib'd on that high
 scroll,
Not time does mutilate, nay, carves more deep,
Their epitaphs, who 'neath emblazon'd sleep,
 Well chronicl'd ; and, o'er their world-wide
 tombs,
Hangs quarterings eterne no day o'erglooms.

If such the poet's glorious meed, oh ! then
 That flame's illustrious, fed by midnight oil ;
And bard may scorn contumely hurl'd by men,
 Nor heed the small reward they yield his toil,
But still work on with care that vice ne'er spoil
That work ; so he in heaven, nay earth, not lose
His tiara, for fame doth still refuse
 To chronicle long time what vice doth soil.
And this is hopeful. Oh ! a thought to cheer ;
 To strengthen faith that good will be the end,
Of dispensation mystic wrought out here ;
 Far other fate, of things that but offend
Surviv'd, and whilst the good and beauteous pass'd,
 The baleful conquering grew, to reign at last.

Poet ! work on, nor heed the voice of Fame ;
 Her time-serv'd breath awakes but fickle flame,
 Which, howe'er bright it burn, must still be fed,
 Soon fades the light our highest action shed,
 How vain to sin for praise so early dead.

Oh ! it is nobler in one thought to live
 For ages, albeit deaf to laud they give,
 Than reign the idol of our time, soon fled.

Yes, work on, bard ! nor heed mere man's applause,
 The germs deep-stirr'd within you fructify,
 If worthy, they will, must obey those laws,
 Which ne'er allow the true-born work to die ;
 Some future hour from debris where they lie,
 E'en your day's wreek ! shall snatch the immortal
 stores.

Not long the echo of unlicens'd rhyme ;
 Its resonance soon grows distasteful, tame,
 The loudest footsteps of a vicious fame,
 Soon die beneath the vaulted roof of time ;
 It may not mingle with the good, sublime,
 Happy, if drown it not the sounds of shame,
 If one day spurn not with an undue blame,
 What the preceding deem'd a glory prime.

Not that success is best which springeth up
 Like mushroom 'neath one Cynthian glance, whose
 cup,
 So sudden form'd, as sudden withers, and
 Allures the worm ; but rather that which slow
 In growth, like the grand oak doth firmly grow,
 And, though long spreading, long adorns a land.

O glory ! thou bright picture, limn'd by fame,
On the world's dome conspicuous hung sublime,
For life's critics to gaze on, laud, or blame ;
Thou'rt hung, at best in damp or misty clime ;
Soon doom'd to fade in atmosphere of time,
Neglected or forgot. To be, oh ! how
Unlike when thou wast rais'd in novel glow,
The Age's cynosure—its theme for rhyme.
When haply modern school, till then unknown,
Startles the world with new-found portraiture
Of truth, of life, whose features dazzling grown,
Eclipse all others, and an age endure,
Till dimm'd—swept off by mental-modes more
pure,
A foam-spent knowledge-wave on time's sand prone.

When merit, heaven-descended, down doth flow,
A trueborn stream from skyey mountain source,
Still fed by lucid rills, its stony course,
Though sure, is painful oft, is ever slow ;
Yet if held back, or turn'd by want, or woe,
Passion, or indolence, 'twill gain the sea,
Of grand repose, earth-immortality,
To be ne'er lost, in lustre more to grow.
But when there rolls a deluge of applause,
Sudden, tumultuous, all-o'erwaving flood ;
Full oft that main subsides, obeys the laws
Of change, and haply where full-orb'd it stood,
So ocean-like, 'twill roll in ebbing mood,
Till all be dry, nor ripple wake the shores.

CHELSEA HOSPITAL.

Such here the air of order, felt repose,
 The pensioner so peacefully doth dwell,
 You scarce would deem he e'er was bloodhound fell
 Of war, who liv'd by killing, sold his blows,
 At those great marts which every nation knows,
 Which deal you rations as you murder well :
 But touch the theme of blood ; then, marr'd the spell
 Inaction weaves, his eye all fiercely glows !
 With glory glares, how Python-like, his glance !
 He seems to grow a span all sudden ! Then
 Narrates his goodly deeds, how many men
 He had the pleasure, sir, to spit in France ;
 The Ingies, the Peninsula, a few—
 Now struts his wooden leg—at Waterloo.

On ! on ! like clouds that darkly pace the sky ;
 Whose breasts, as bisons, wake the thunder loud ;
 High marches, firm the step, 'neath banner proud,
 Of erring man the dauntless chivalry ;
 Rather yon heroes, comrades near would lie,
 On battle-field where glory winds a shroud,
 Than, worn by siege of sickness, vanquish'd, bow'd,
 With weeping friends around to slowly die. [glory,
 There's much in Mars' o'er - beam'd and crimson
 To fire the soul ; the plume of nodding wave,
 The steed, drum, banner, hope to live in story,
 Strew, as with flowers, the path of warrior's grave :
 Invite to death, as to a ball, the brave,
 Where laurels shine 'neath torch whose light is
 gory.

Who first taught man 'twas glorious to kill ?
 Not ruthless Cain ; who taught in fatal hour,
 Our fiendish attribute, that monstrous power
Which slays our fellow, for his deed did fill
The world with horror. Nimrod ? Marv'lous ill !
 That what, when small, could awe, should charm
 grown huge ;
 What wretched sophistry, what subterfuge,
Could wake that charm, that sense of awe so still ?
 Whence came it, that we give the man applause,
Who wholesale slays, yet loathe th' impassion'd
 wretch
 Who slew one brother ? Why do human laws
Kill lesser criminal, uplift Jack Ketch ?
 Whilst we the greater count a god of glory,
 Uplift in statues, bid him live in story ?

That all the mighty cities of this earth,
 From Babylon to London did upraise
Such bloody altars, and destruction's worth,
 Sing loud in odes, its grisly horrors praise ?
 I ask not wherefore in these latter days,
Men hurry to the field, for time we know
 Can mask the horrible, and overflow
 Of human life, kiss any hand that pays.
But when grim death was young, and all appall'd,
 What could disguise it so, that man when call'd,
 Hurried, for pastime on its yet strange face
To gaze ? Did glory's flash shed then a light,
 The pristine standard, symbol, dazzle sight,
 That none its fearful lineaments could trace ?

Therefore a mighty slaughter-house became
This world, where fell the savage and refin'd,
And they the deepest-dy'd in blood of kind,
Were the most honour'd, most belov'd of fame;
All others mostly died without a name,
Those sons of peace, of reason's voice and mind,
Who wept the reign of blood unnatural, blind,
Too unobtrusive their thrice sacred aim.
But war no crescent trace leaves, ruin hides
Its footsteps, whilst the peaceful effort glides
On, on, through generations like the rill
That flows where castles crown each mountain-
height :
The castles fall, the stream meanders still,
Till gain'd the open ocean, fair in light.

The nations' vampire, War, which sucks their blood ;
With its strange charm, its more than serpent glance,
 Spells all—the polish'd, rude—hence thou, the trance
 So dire, hast not escap'd, my country ! Would,
 To sing thy glory pure of carnage-cloud, [chance :
 Was mine ; such might have been the pleasing
 Thou couldst have dar'd the leagu'd world to advance,
 Amid thy waves secure, serenely proud,
 Nor known the guilt of blood ; but thou did'st yearn,
 To mingle with the mainland's strife ; didst learn
 To rue it ; then thy guardian friend the sea,
 That wafts the treasures of a world to thee,
 Crimson'd with wonder, shame ; its anger'd tide
 Foam'd, as thy bravest blood its large breast dy'd.

And would you o'er them monuments upraise
The kind, peace-breathing sea would scorn to bear,
With sweeping wave wipe off the blood-writ praise ;
For pride's poor epitaph no place is there ;
Nor may you dig their graves, they buried were
In tombs of water wrapt in shell-shroud deep,
Above their bones grow ocean flowers and weep :
Whilst o'er them clos'd a pall, vast, em'rald, fair.
The billows were their mourners as they down
Did kneel, with robes white-fring'd of arching flow,
Weeping salt tears ; then, o'er their graves, fell prone,
With one deep honest sigh dissolv'd to woe ;
The rocks echo'd their dirge as waves sung low
To sighing, list'ning shores, of heroes gone.

Lo ! War ; of gold his helmet, shield, greav'd thigh,
Incarnadin'd comes wading through a flood,
Brow-smear'd; his hands part waves of rolling blood,
Where falls his shadow 'thwart the sanguine sky.
How fierce his glance ! His step so proud, so high,
You'd deem he'd charter'd this great world of God,
And all that it inherits ; dire his mood,
That bids the happy, hale, and beauteous die.
The flames he belches scorch all vanward—red,
As on he stalks, gore-oceans ebb in rear ;
Shrieks, dying groans, are the hoarse murmurs,
where
Blood-waves leave pebbles in the dying, dead ;
Whose bones soon bleach'd that lonely strand shall
bear—
A monument where glory beams doth shed !

P'rhaps 'twere a vain as sadd'ning hour of thought,
 To muse what now were earth had nations fought
 Not ; to what stage of greatness we'd arriv'd,
 If the vast millions warfare slew had liv'd,
 And good harmonious stor'd, where peace o'erhiv'd ;
 If those life-harvests which each age bestow'd,
 That discord's fatal scythe ere green down-mow'd,-
 Had, till death garner'd in, full-shock'd surviv'd.
 Yet, thought not vain,—should what our race has lost,
 Teach statesman, kings, to profit by the cost ;
 Bid them, thus school'd, resolve fair Peace to prize,
 On petty altar ne'er to sacrifice,
 The good she yields ; nor, save for worthy cause,
 Awake the hell-loos'd fiends of ruthless wars.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

Oh, what beams yonder rising on the hill,
 Like the fair sun when break the clouds of night,
 And wakes the world on couch of golden light ?
 The Crystal Palace ! Peace' conventicle.
 Where from the flowers that grew beside its rill,
 When, murm'ring through the vale or rocky height ;
 Sweets, war barbarity well-nigh did blight,
 A great design has cull'd, here rang'd with skill.
 They're pluck'd e'en from Art's source, when bubbling
 through
 Assyria's plains it glid, a stream still grew
 With time ; until, profound, mysterious, vast,
 It flow'd through Egypt, then through Grecia pass'd,
 'Tween beauty's banks ; till cheering Italy,
 It freshen'd Albion, Gallia, Germany.

True honour to the man whose royal mind,
Welcom'd the bright idea, immense, refin'd,
That call'd the startled nations to our isle,
To rear a righteous Babel, not such pile
As Shinar's, which would impious reach the sky ;
This brought down heaven on wings of harmony.
I scorn mean adulation, but where praise
Is merited 'tis due, and hence I raise,
My feeble pean ; not the less sincere,
O Prince ! that it may never reach thine ear ;
But, like the harp of Æolus in cave,
By ear unheard, beside the azure wave,
Where shell-couch'd solitude doth ever sleep,
May murmur admirations pent, yet deep.

Walhalla of the world ! Museum grand
Of nature, history, art ! Still, as we pace
Thy crystal halls, 'neath domes of fairy grace,
Where genius' triumphs rise on every hand,
Oft, by assembled marvels spell'd, we stand ;
Then, as the exploits of our kind we trace
Much glory in the achievements of our race,
Feel proud we're units of the human band.
In bulk like Titus' amphitheatre,
Thou speak'st a mighty people's presence ; but,
As bleeds the gladiator or the brute,
No shouts from crowds arise from tier o'er tier ;
The games where olive crowns are acted here,
Pass on thy triumphs, Peace ! to strains of
flute.

LONDON FROM NORWOOD.

'Mid villas, groves, fair meads of vernal dye,
 Here lounging calm in reveries alone,
 Who'd deem the hugest city earth has known,
 Metropolis of Europe, earth, was nigh ?
 Yonder she lies in silent majesty—
 Lies where the ambient heav'ns smoke-masses own,
 Her fumy crown cloud-steppes, her murky throne,
 Where dim yon domes and steeples pierce the sky.
 Though round is peace and silence, millions there
 Rush, ever driven before the ceaseless wind
 Of some great purpose hidden from mankind.
 Methinks, like distant hum, her voice I hear,
 That mighty voice of mingled pleasure, care,—
 Roar of life-waves through channels tumult-lin'd.

I seem to pace a hush'd, most solemn coast,
 That belts a vast, mysterious human sea,
 Whose billows distant roar where high they're tost
 By winds that ever blow tumultuously ;
 Nor may I list nor muse all solemnly,
 May not forget that empire never rose
 Which sunk not ; greatness ever ebbs and flows,
 Refuses still to gild one spot for aye.
 The ocean of the past has lonely shore,
 Which ruins of departed empires strew ;
 And though the worm that gnaw'd them we may
 shew
 Not, yet who'll future storms of earth explore ?
 Who'll say some modern frailty they ne'er knew
 May sink us not, and fall'n, we'll rise no more ?

Farewell, great city ! When, in future times,
A worthier bard shall build Londonian rhymes,
What will he sing ? When o'er th' abodes of men
Ten centuries have roll'd their billows, then
What wilt thou be ? As Rome, though fall'n, not
lost,
A mighty wreck the waves of time have tost,
But roll'd not o'er ? Or will that period be
When e'en thy site shall prove a mystery,
And other Layards, as on Tigris' shore,
Will wake unhonour'd heaps of dust, explore
The shipless Thames for relics of the past,
Proclaim to wond'ring nations what thou wast ?
Or shall thy relics wake the question—who
Rear'd them, as piles where Aztecs dwelt, do now ?

Alas ! the hour, if e'er that period dire,
When, giant-city, thou shalt be no more !
As Asshur's, Chaldea's capital of yore,
Melted thy world of mingled dome and spire !
When ruin o'er thee'll play her mournful lyre,
As desolation seated by the shore
Of that great stream now loud with living roar,
Sits silent lonely thron'd on mounds of mire ;
And the rude past returns, when thou, 'mid trees
Cradled, heard backwoods ring to wild man's cry;
Fleet purls again, is stirr'd by smokeless breeze,
Has grassy banks where bard doth musing lie,
Walbrook, that lav'd thy walls, beams glitteringly
To the gay lark, aloof in music-seas.

Should yonder mist-hung vale be clear again,
 Save where from savage hut smoke dots the plain,
 Then where shall all our varied greatness rest ?
 E'en with our children in the far-off West ?
 Civilization following still the Sun,
 That in the East arose, with him begun
 Its course ? And since an empire's like a day,
 Has morn, noon, eve, then sinks into the night,
 The Western capitals shall pass away,
 And fair refinement in its beamy flight
 Have circled all our globe. Then, where shall bend,
 Its light-bedropping wings ? Shall that hour end
 The mystic dispensation of our ball
 And she regain her loss at human fall ?

Can e'er those ways which human forms now fill,
 Chariots and steeds, be desolate and still ?
 Save for the owl and bat, or traveller
 From all the cultur'd lands (but most from where
 Th' Atlantic laves), who voyage long did dare
 To see great London in her ruins ? One,
 Through the fall'n city wand'ring rapt, may, lone
 'Mid heaps of ruins, strive to trace its square.
 Would mark where stood Cheapside. May musing
 pace
 Starting the snake, rise stone-bestrewn. Halt—say,
 “The English that once proud, now conquer'd race,
 We rule as Rome rul'd Greece, this in their day
 Call'd Ludgate Hill. Where stones in mounts decay,
 And choke yon Thames, a world's cull'd wealth had
 place.”

If ever the “ New Zealander” beside
Some bridge not yet design’d ; that crumbling falls
Where crystal Thames on-rolls a shipless tide,
Shall sit and sketch the ruins of Saint Paul’s ;
He’ll sure, as memory the past recalls,
Rest on his pencil in abstraction’s mood,
Deep pond’ring o’er this world’s vicissitude,
As Rawlinson round Thebes’ or Luxor’s walls.
Yes, he shall stay his growing work to pore,
Thought-whelm’d, O London ! with thy wondrous
past,
And as the thought of some great ancestor
Doth honest pride o’er his descendants cast,
So he ’mid ruins lying round how vast !
Shall kindle, rais’d in hallow’d clime of yore.

Alas ! the mournful hour whene’er shall fall
That grand, that beauteous, honour’d, well-known
dome,
And ’neath its crashing ruins bury all
The scene around in mighty crumbling tomb ;
Whilst, like a ghostly Marius, deep gloom
Shall o’er the fallen city hov’ring mourn,
A hundred ages o’er such glory gone
Will weep, as they lament great London’s doom.
O dome ! which art the pride of millions, and
Sky-mark of generations ; who shall see
Thee prostrate, hid for aye the mighty band
That in thee slumbers ? None, but with moist eye.
I weep to think of it. O Thou Most High !
Withhold the hour with Thy preventing hand.

Ah ! what is man since brief all empires' sway !
 Those bubbles of a moment. Woe the day
 When these unrivall'd Isles shall be the prey
 Of conqueror. When, round their freeborn forms,
 The fetter shall be clasp'd, and 'mid the storms
 Brute force will raise, dimm'd Europe dare to smile,
 Revealing envy, fear, long hid with guile,
 As with them, greatness, freedom, pass away.
 O glorious Britain ! shouldst thou ever fall,
 Thou'l be the noblest prey by conqueror known :
 No prize like thee e'er gemm'd this terrene ball,
 And sinking, thou'l a glory, not their own,
 Shed on thy conquerors ; so, going down,
 Phœbus gilds hov'ring clouds, else darkness all.

But haply thy Omega may not be,
 Till time, with halting shock, will overthrow
 The trembling glories of the globe ; and thou
 O Britain ! when the huge catastrophe,
 May whole be found, than now, more mighty, free ;
 Thy capital be doom'd till then to grow,
 Till would a village seem our London now,
 To the vast city that far age shall see.
 When final trump the dead empires will call,
 If may return all wander'd atomies,
 Where thou hast stood what multitudes shall rise !
 What throngs stand mute when judg'd the culprit-ball !
 What myriads pass, when, melts the earth in skies !
 And man is nought ;—Messiah all in all.

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